


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.




Bronnley
FINE SOAPS

The finest Shrimps are...
Young's POTTED SHRIMPS


BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS • CEREBOS LTD
Cerebos
Salt perfection

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS



=ABDULLA = MAKE THE BEST VIRGINIA CIGARETTES * *

WHITEWAY'S
DEVON CYDER
The choice of the connoisseur


THE WELL BALANCED
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
Extra Dry
Sole Importers
W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd.
Newcastle upon Tyne 6


VAPEX
TRADE MARK
CLEARS COLDS
QUICKLY

In four convenient forms:
VAPEX MEDICATED RUB
VAPEX INHALER
VAPEX PASTILLES } to carry with you
and use at bedtime
VAPEX INHALANT
for handkerchief and pillow
From your chemist

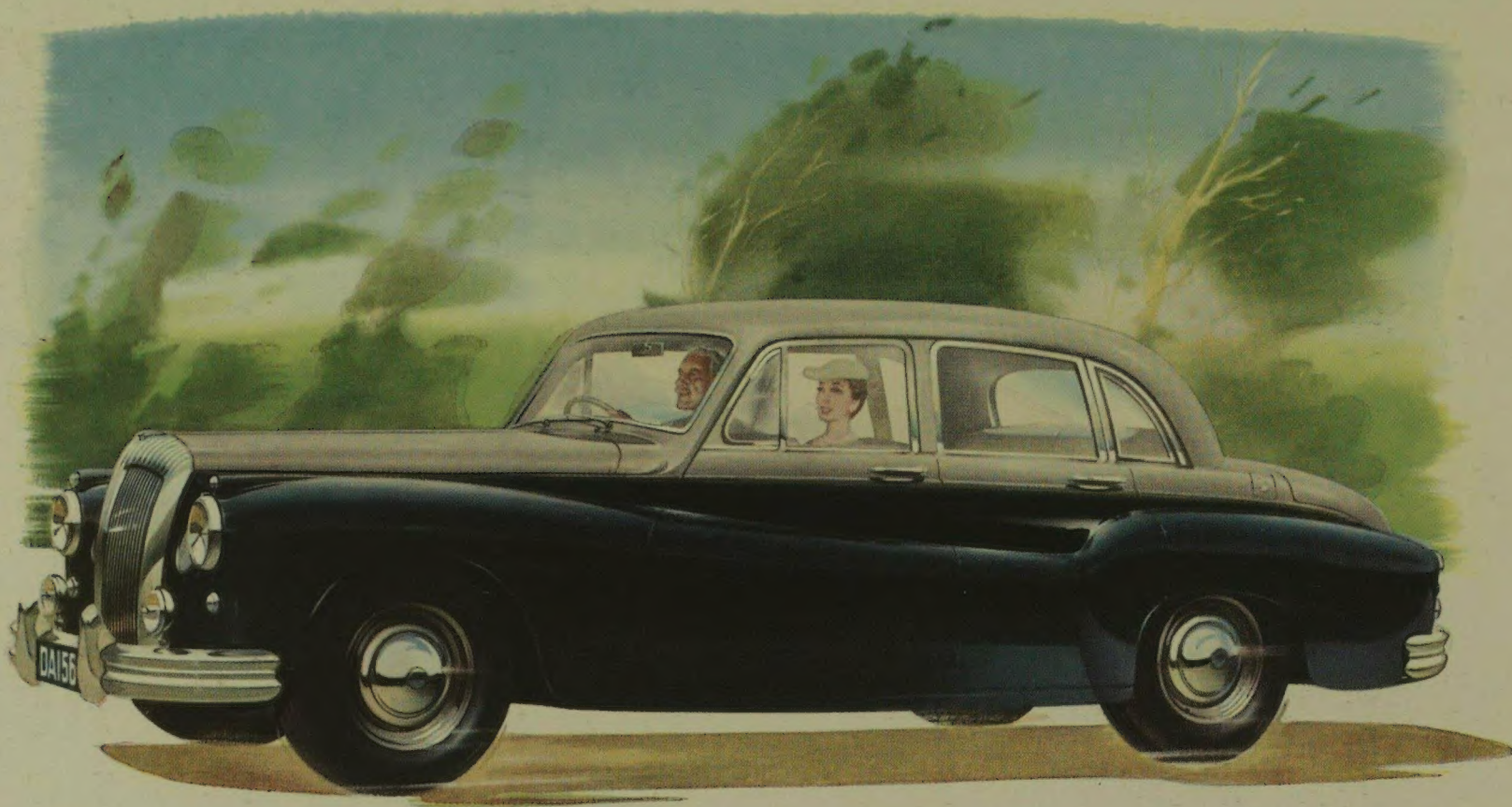

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes

TRADE MARK
"FOURway"
BREATHLESSLY SMART
CLEVERCHANGE
BELTED/UNBELTED
topcoats"
"racin plaid"
HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED
DOUBLE SIDED **"doeskin + cashmere"**
THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL

WETHERALL HOUSE, BOND STREET, W.1

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE
COMPANY Ltd.
BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

100mph!



The new Daimler 3½ litre One-O-Four

The arrival of the new Daimler 3½ litre One-O-Four has met with enormous enthusiasm. The extremely powerful engine produces 100 m.p.h., and acceleration is really vivid, with a particularly brilliant third gear performance so indispensable in modern traffic conditions. The extra large brakes are servo-assisted and call for only light pedal pressure. This high speed and powerful braking combine with preselector fluid transmission and the renowned road holding of the modern Daimler to provide a silent smoothness of performance

quite unequalled for rapid and tireless cross-country travel. This spacious and luxurious motor car has, in addition, many other refinements.

The special One-O-Four Lady's Model

Here—for the first time—is a car specially designed to appeal to the woman who has very definite ideas about the car she wants her husband to buy. While to all outward appearances this special One-O-Four model is entirely suitable for everyday business use, clever storage enables it to include a long list of luxury features

carrying a strong feminine appeal. This list includes: a new burr walnut instrument panel with special drawer and patent touring map; attractive new instruments; power operated windows; elegant vanity case; four aeroweight suitcases; picnic case and ice-box; telescopic umbrella; shooting-stick; sheepskin rug and travelling rug.

3½ litre One-O-Four £2828-17-0 inclusive

One-O-Four 3½ litre Lady's Model £3158-17-0 inclusive



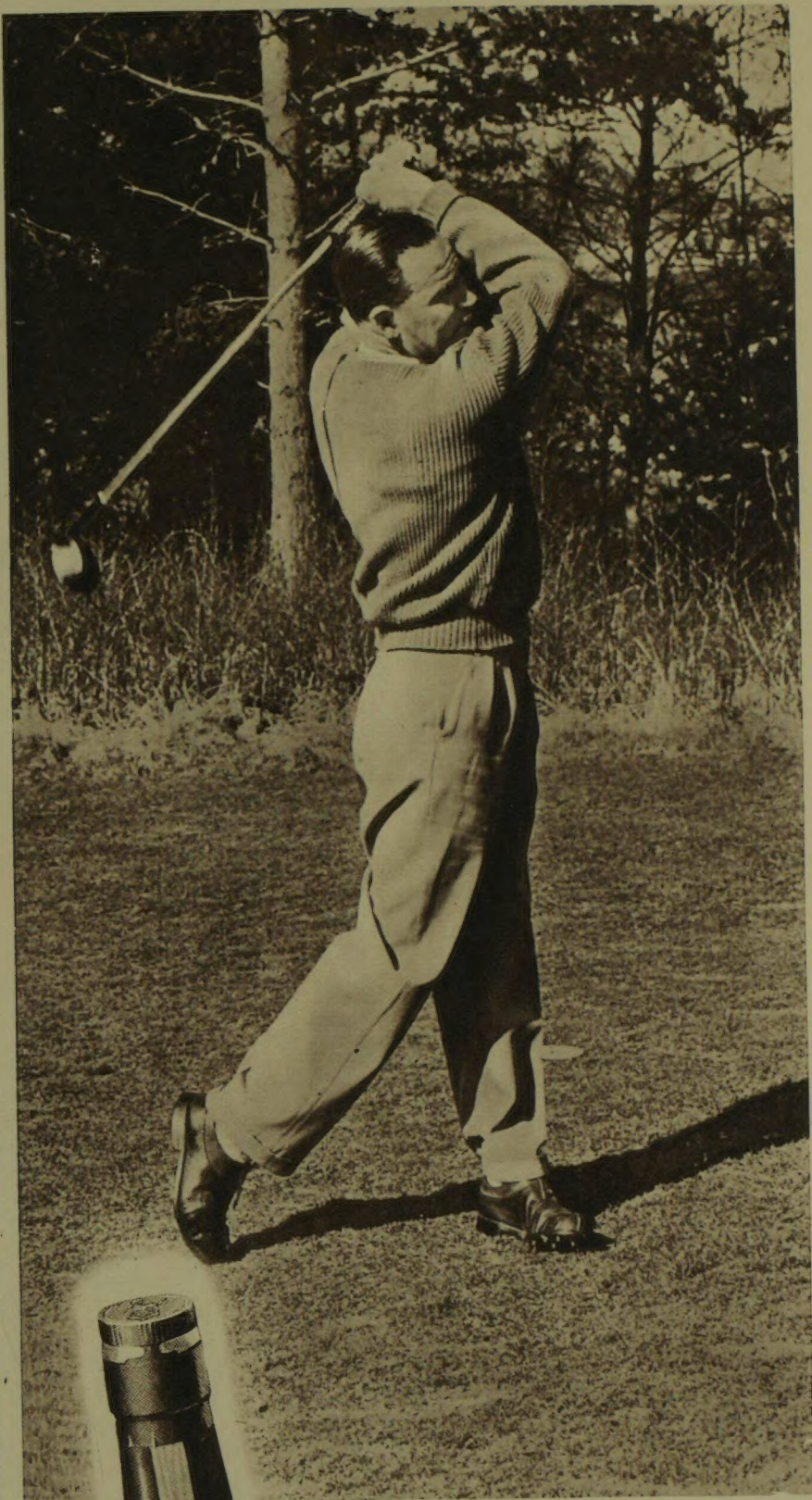
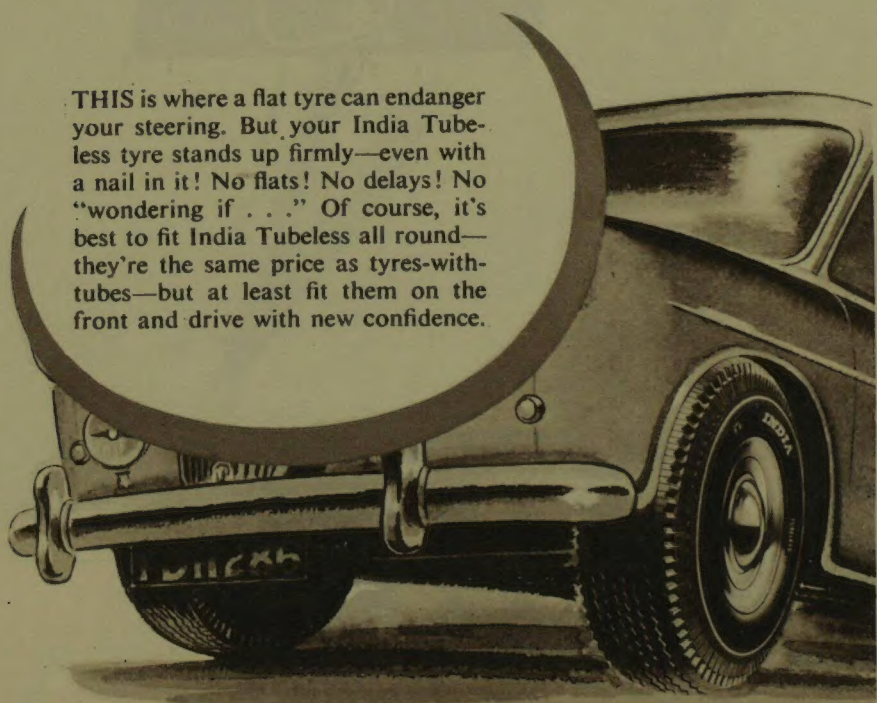
Special features of the Lady's model: Suitcases, picnic case and vanity case (cosmetics: Max Factor)

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, RADFORD WORKS, COVENTRY

for
safety's
sake
fit
INDIA
tubeless
on the
front



THIS is where a flat tyre can endanger your steering. But your India Tubeless tyre stands up firmly—even with a nail in it! No flats! No delays! No "wondering if . . ." Of course, it's best to fit India Tubeless all round—they're the same price as tyres-with-tubes—but at least fit them on the front and drive with new confidence.



The Spirit of Sportsmanship



'Quality Tells'

THE APERITIF

WHEREVER people foregather at aperitif time, whether it be before lunch, or before dinner, the discriminating drink a Campari. Your waiter or barman will serve you with an appreciative smile—he knows that you have found *the* aperitif... he has found a connoisseur

CAMPARI

WITH SODA • WITH VERMOUTH • IN COCKTAILS & IN LONG DRINKS



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1955.



THE CHRISTMAS CRIB AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: PART OF THE GROUP OF STATUARY BY CONTEMPORARY SCULPTORS REPRESENTING THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY. IT WILL BE ON VIEW TO THOUSANDS OF CHRISTMAS VISITORS.

In place of the formal crib tableau, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral invited twelve eminent British sculptors to produce a representation of the Stable at Bethlehem, and the result is a pleasing group of plaster statuary which at once suggests the story of the Nativity and could easily be exhibited on its own. The figure of the Virgin and Child is the work of Miss Josephine de Vasconcellos, F.R.B.S., who was also responsible for the general assembly and for the task of harmonising the styles of the various sculptors participating. The angel was modelled by

Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A., P.P.R.B.S., the boy and dove by Miss Gwyneth Holt, and the three shepherds by Mrs. Marjorie Crossley. The other artists represented in the tableau are Miss Kate Parbury, Mr. Adrian Allinson, Mr. Franta Belsky, Miss Marjorie Meggitt, Mr. Alexander Marshall, Miss Marjorie Drawbell, Mr. Huxley Jones and Mrs. Eva Castle. The East Bay of the South Transept in the Cathedral, which will contain the crib, will be open to the many thousands of visitors on Christmas Eve and remain open until Candle Mass, February 2.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"IT came upon the midnight clear." It came upon the midnight clear nearly 2000 years ago in Bethlehem under the Palestinian stars, and it still comes upon the midnight air in all sorts of unlikely places as every Christmas comes round. It is the story of Nativity—a story that happens in the life of every man and woman and of every mother, and out of which all the things of life which we take for granted, good and ill, noble and ignoble, splendid and petty, arise: a story which, with that of death, is the supreme miracle, when a living spirit, made we know not how, and coming from we know not where, clad in corporeal flesh, enters the world through the suffering body of a woman whose heart, for all her suffering, sings for joy that a babe is born. But in the case of this particular miracle there was something added, something that infinitely heightened the mystery of even that great moment, and that made it in time a meeting point of earth and heaven, past and future, life and death. For around that birth, and out of the life, teaching, and sacrificial death of the great soul who entered the world in human flesh at that moment, grew the conception, strengthening with the years and spreading from land to land until, 1500 years later, it encircled the earth, that an eternal, all-loving, all-creating God cared for suffering, erring man so much that His own and only Son had crossed the mysterious threshold of human birth and penetrated the confines of earth, sharing man's full lot—so painful, so inexplicable and often so shaming and humiliating—and suffering the utmost agony and indignity man can suffer in order that the Divine in man should be revealed and the purpose of life made manifest and the way of fulfilment pointed out and, in the shadow of Golgotha and the Cross, made radiant. And on that far Christmas night, when shepherds watched their flocks on the tawny hills of Judaea and the three Kings of Orient travelled along the desert track towards their beckoning star, the ever-recurring miracle of it began: the miracle that recurs in every Christian heart, even the hardest, when the Christmas message is remembered and the meaning of that small helpless babe born to poverty and innocence in the manger of the crowded wayside inn. "I am sure I have always thought of Christmas," said Scrooge's nephew, "when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

Joseph did whistle and Mary did sing,
—Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy our Lord was born!

To-day, in Christian Britain, and, I suppose, in most other Christian lands, too, Christmas has become a very secular affair. One has only to read the catalogues of the pre-Christmas sales, that put even the most untheologically-minded in remembrance of the Feast weeks before its arrival, to see how secular. Even our pictorial Christmas cards seem to have strayed a long way from that first Christmas and the meaning of it all, and depict to-day stage-coaches and soldiers in Georgian or Victorian regimentals, landscapes and London streets, yachts racing and geese by Peter Scott, and the faces of one's friends, their houses, dogs and even, sometimes, if one has such elevated friends, their crests and coronets. It is all very pleasant and friendly and harmless, and as such in the spirit of Dickens's Christmas, and yet there seems to be something missing—the inner flame and intensity of belief from which the whole occasion derives and without which it can be little more than make-believe and mummery. For those who are not churchgoers there are only the carols to remind us—that exquisite echo of the faith of our fifteenth-century ancestors which is heard in its supreme setting in that wonderful service relayed from King's

College Chapel on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, to me the highlight of the broadcasting year.

Yet to a historian, however worldly and secular-minded he may be, the mysterious significance of the thing, the inexplicable mystery of it all, keeps plucking at his shoulder. A historian's business is the contemplation and, so far as he can compass it, the explanation of what happened; and here is something that indubitably happened at a particular moment in history—the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and the astonishing chain of circumstances that followed from it. Disbelieve all the miraculous phenomena that are said to have accompanied it and the obscure, brilliant, heroic life and death that followed, and the miracle of it, the immense canalisation of human purpose and energy that sprang from it, remains, I am convinced, man's greatest achievement on earth. Even in our age of vast machines and scientific wonders the Gothic cathedrals still stand as the greatest works we men have ever made. We can destroy them with our atom-bombs, but we cannot replace them. We have not the faith, and, because we have not the faith, we have not the power. For human creation comes from faith, and, as a humble practitioner of one of the most humdrum and dry-as-dust forms of literary creation, the reconstruction of the past, I grow more conscious

of the fact with every ageing year. Without faith creative power withers and dies; one must believe in the purpose of what one does, or the force of inertia, like that of gravity, will flatten out oneself and one's work. And the Christian Faith has been the greatest continuing germinator of human energy at all levels of which there is any record in the annals and achievements of man.

That is why, of all the Christian virtues, faith itself remains the most fundamental. It is not the greatest, of course, of the Christian virtues—love and courage, forgiveness and mercy, truthfulness, honesty and purity, are all much greater, viewed from the individual angle of human effort, because they are so much harder to achieve. For faith is not something one makes oneself, even though, having been given it, one can do something to keep it. It is given one by one's Creator, by one's parents, and for all believing Christians by that wonderful life and death of sacrifice 2000 years ago in Palestine, and, be it added, by all who have lived and died for that Faith since. It is a treasure handed down from generation to generation, and

should be treasured and defended, in the last resort with life itself, and never wantonly destroyed. "And certes," wrote Chaucer, "faith is the key of Christendom," though, living in an intensely Christian age that took faith for granted, Chaucer's priest used the word in a different and perhaps lesser sense. In the last resort Christianity and the Christian virtues depend on faith—on the belief that Christ was born on that far day in Bethlehem, that he lived his life and preached his Credo—our Credo—as the Gospels and Christian tradition and learning teach us, and that He died on the Cross and rose from the dead. If you don't believe that, the whole Christian conception falls to the ground and becomes nothing more than an interesting and dying myth, and the morality or humanitarianism that derives from it an automatic reflex from the past, like a chicken going on walking after its head has been knocked off. You can be unselfish, you can be charitable, you can be a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, you can be filled with the spirit of love, you can be a great scholar or a marvellous orator, but if you lack faith it will ultimately avail nothing and be swallowed up in death. And the corollary is also true: that a man may be a very great sinner and weak and selfish and yet, if he has faith, possesses the key by which, in the end, he may still, by an exercise of inspired will and effort, redeem his own frailty and imperfection and turn a life of failure for himself and others into something which, however imperfectly, testifies to the enduring power of the great life given for man under the skies of Palestine 2000 years ago.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DECEMBER 22, 1855.



"CHRISTMAS EVE—PUTTING UP THE HOLLY AND MISTLETOE." DRAWN BY BIRKET FOSTER.

This contemporary illustration of Christmas 1855 is of a country interior. Logs glow in the great open fireplace as the children make their arch of holly and mistletoe over the mantelpiece. More branches are scattered over the stone-flagged floor. Presently the Yule-log will be ceremoniously placed on the fire. It is a scene of warmth and contentment. It had its likeness in thousands of humble homes all over Britain.

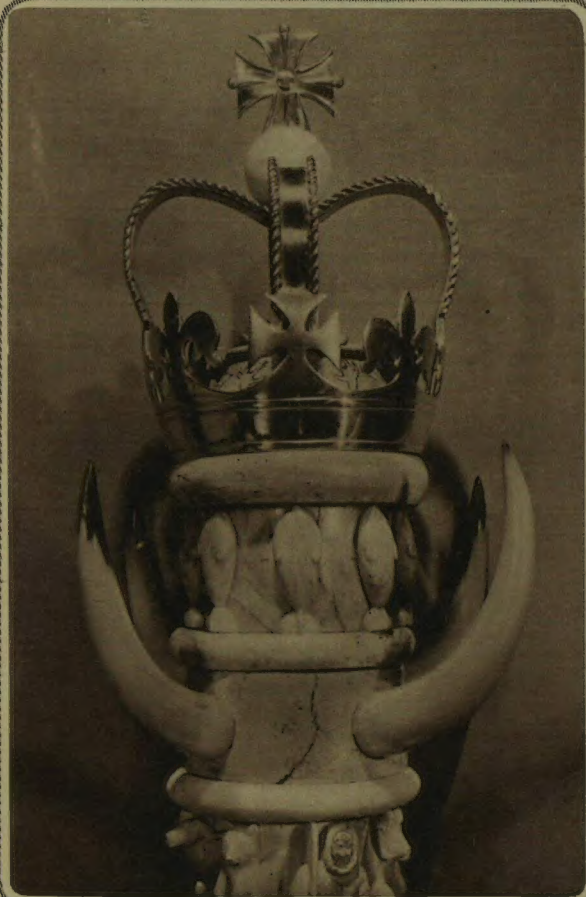
CARVED ENTIRELY BY ESKIMOS: A UNIQUE MACE FOR NORTHWEST CANADA.



A DETAIL OF THE MACE CARVED ENTIRELY BY ESKIMOS OF BAFFIN ISLAND AS THE SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES COUNCIL. AT THE TOP IS A CIRCLE OF WHALEBONE CARVED IN DEEP RELIEF WITH PEOPLE AND ANIMALS COMMON TO THE NORTH.

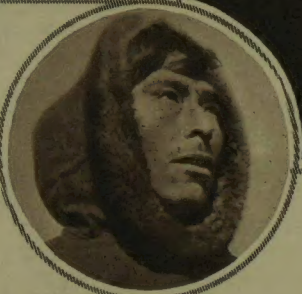


A STRIKING CARVING OF A WALRUS DOMINATES THIS DETAIL FROM THE MACE. BENEATH IS A BAND OF PORCUPINE QUILL-WORK MADE BY AN INDIAN WOMAN. NEXT COMES A CIRCLE OF WHITE ARCTIC FOXES, WHICH ARE A MAINSTAY OF THE ESKIMO ECONOMY.



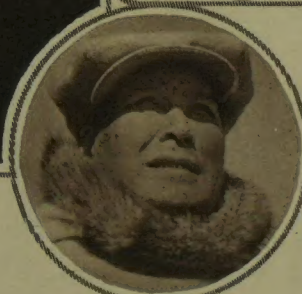
THE CROWN IS MADE OF BEATEN COPPER AND IS SURMOUNTED BY AN ORB OF WHALEBONE. BELOW THE CROWN IS A CIRCLE OF BOWHEAD WHALES, REGARDED BY THE ESKIMOS AS A SYMBOL OF ROYALTY AND GREATNESS. THE FOUR FINELY-POLISHED MUSK-OX HORNS COME FROM ELLESMERE ISLAND.

THE Governor-General of Canada, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, will present a mace to the Council of the Northwest Territories at a ceremony in Ottawa early in the New Year. It was decided that a mace made by Eskimo craftsmen, using only products of the North, would be a suitable symbol. Mr. James Houston, of the Arctic Division of the Department of Northern Affairs, supervised the construction of the mace. He selected a group of craftsmen and the work was carried out in the tiny community of Cape Dorset, on Baffin Island. Apart from the Crown and Orb at the head of the mace, the other details of the mace were all the product of the very imaginative Eskimo mind. The making of the Crown was one of the most delicate operations. An 80-lb. block of pure



OSHAWEETUK, WHO WAS THE PRINCIPAL ESKIMO CARVER.

THE ESKIMO MACE, WHICH IS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE COUNCIL OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES OF CANADA IN JANUARY 1956 BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL. IT IS 5 1/4 FT. HIGH AND THE CENTRAL COLUMN IS MADE OF NARWHAL TUSK. IT IS SURMOUNTED BY A CROWN MADE OF BEATEN COPPER.

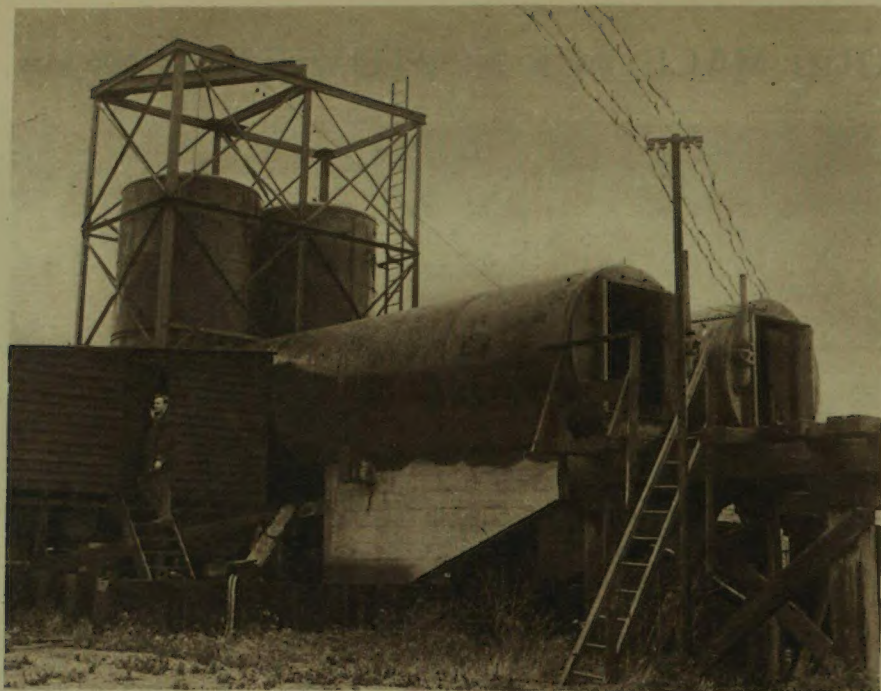


PITSULAK, THE ESKIMO WHO MADE THE COPPER CROWN.

Pitsulak, the chief Eskimo craftsman. The piece of oak at the bottom of the narwhal shaft is carved with ships which symbolise the coming of the early explorers and of the white man into the Arctic. The wood itself is from the wreck of H.M.S. *Fury*, which came to grief on Somerset Island in 1825 while searching for the North-West Passage to the Pacific. The remainder of the mace is carved from whalebone, narwhal tusk and musk-ox horn. All these are materials familiar to the Eskimo craftsman, and in the making of this unique mace they have been worked superbly to make a worthy symbol of authority in the Northwest Territory.

THE CARVED SEALS AT THE FOOT OF THE MACE REPRESENT THE COMMON STAPLE OF ESKIMO EXISTENCE. THE CARVING ON THE PIECE OF OAK SYMBOLISES THE COMING OF THE EARLY EXPLORERS INTO THE ARCTIC. THE WOOD IS FROM THE WRECK OF H.M.S. *FURY*, WHICH CAME TO GRIEF WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE IN 1825.

free copper, pieces of which are to be found in the Central Arctic, was pounded into sheets, which were then cut and shaped by



NEW THOUGHTS ON AN OLD TUNNEL: THE SURFACE ENTRANCE AND AIR-LOCKS OF THE DARTFORD-PURFLEET TUNNEL BENEATH THE THAMES, ABANDONED IN 1939 AND NOW TO BE COMPLETED. WORK ON THE TUNNEL RE-COMMENCES NEXT SPRING.

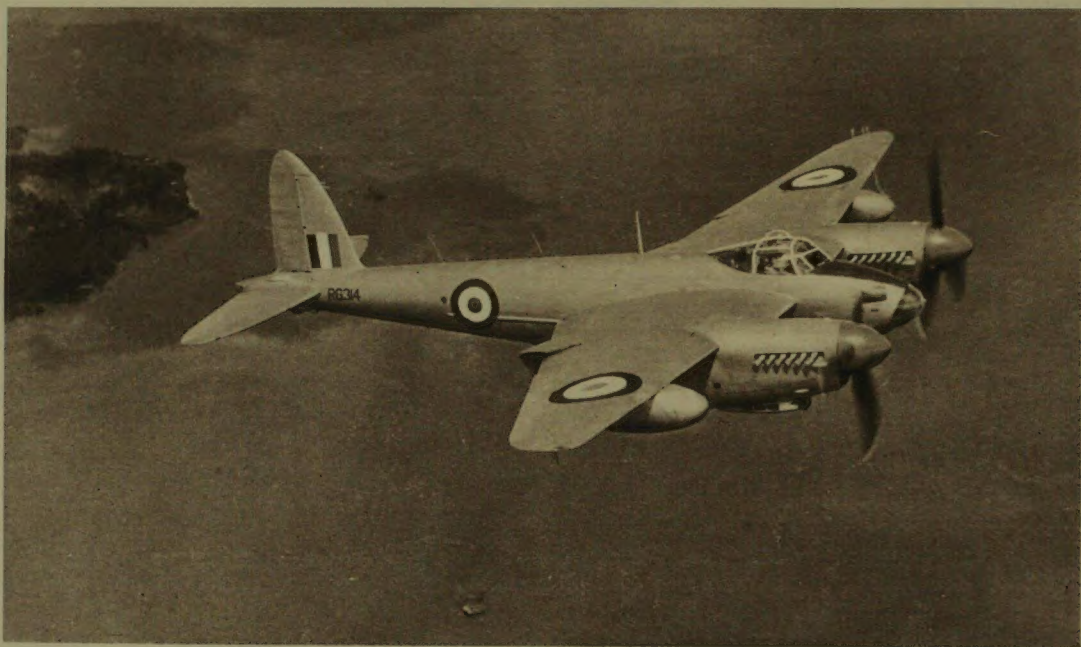
A TUNNEL PROJECT REVIVED: AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



BUILT IN 1939: THE PILOT TUNNEL OF THE DARTFORD-PURFLEET ROADWAY WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY BE ABSORBED IN THE MAIN TUNNEL.
Tunnelling equipment which has been ready since 1939 to start the Dartford to Purfleet roadway underneath the River Thames is being overhauled in readiness for work to begin next spring—nearly seventeen years after the pilot tunnel was completed; this pilot tunnel will eventually be absorbed in the completed roadway. It is hoped that the project will be completed by 1962.



CAPTURED FROM THE MAU-MAU: HAND-MADE WEAPONS USED IN KENYA, NOW AN EXHIBIT IN THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM. Hand-made weapons captured in Kenya from the Mau-Mau now comprise an exhibit in the Imperial War Museum. They range from spears to crudely-made shotguns. Weapons of this type were described and illustrated in our issue of August 6.

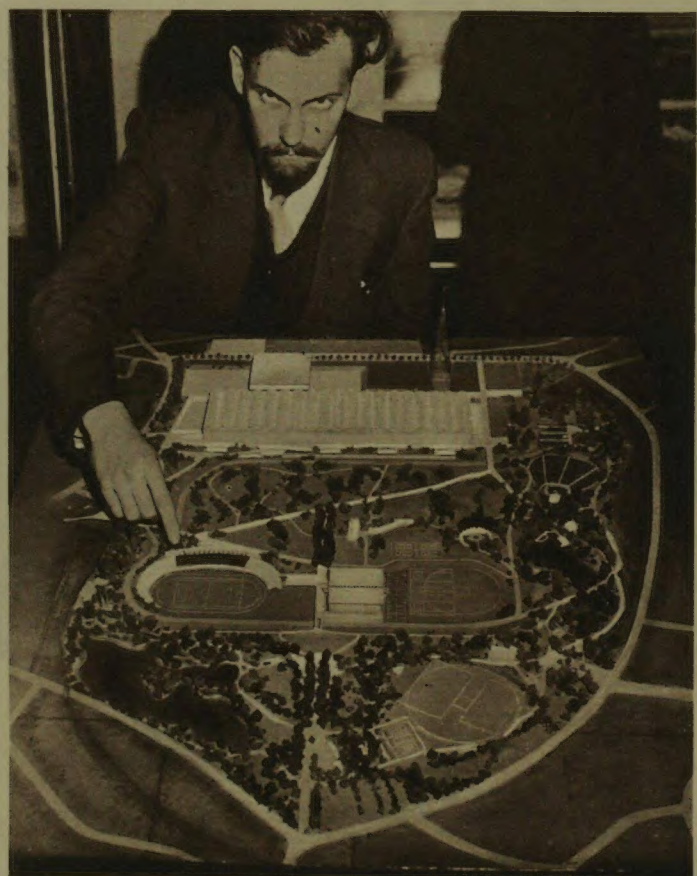


THE LAST OF A FINE AIRCRAFT: THE DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITO, WHICH CEASED OPERATIONAL SERVICE RECENTLY.

The last de Havilland *Mosquito* aircraft in operational service with an R.A.F. squadron made its final sortie on December 15 from the base at Seletar, Singapore. The *Mosquito* is the last of the wartime overland aircraft of the R.A.F. to leave active service.



GUARDED BY AN ARMED ISRAELI SOLDIER: SYRIAN TROOPS CAPTURED DURING THE RAID BY ISRAELI FORCES DURING THE ATTACK ON SYRIAN POSITIONS NEAR THE SEA OF GALILEE. Described by Israeli spokesmen as a "reprisal attack" in retaliation for the shelling of Israeli fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, a large-scale attack mounted on Syrian positions on the night of December 11 led to the capture of twenty-nine Syrian troops and to many killed and wounded on both sides.



SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR THE 200-ACRE CRYSTAL PALACE SITE: MR. NORMAN ENGLEBACK, ASSISTANT ARCHITECT OF THE PROJECT. If it is approved, a development scheme for the Crystal Palace site will turn it into a National Youth and Sports Centre and Exhibition Centre that will be one of the finest in the world. It will have facilities for, among other things, motor racing, swimming, boxing, circuses and horse and cattle shows. It will cost £10,000,000.



ASHORE IN HEAVY WEATHER OFF THE BANFFSHIRE COAST: THE OSTEND TRAWLER *BEATRICE-FERNANDE* (130 TONS) FAST ON THE ROCKS. Three men were rescued by breeches buoy from the shore early on December 15 after the Ostend trawler *Beatrice-Fernande* went on the rocks a mile west of Gardenstown, near Banff. Earlier five more of the crew of eight jumped overboard, but only two reached the shore. Another was washed ashore dead, and two were missing. It was thought that the trawler was likely to become a total wreck.



BEFORE LAUNCHING THE LINER *CARINTHIA*: PRINCESS MARGARET INSPECTING THE VESSEL AT JOHN BROWN'S SHIPYARD AT CLYDEBANK ON DECEMBER 14.

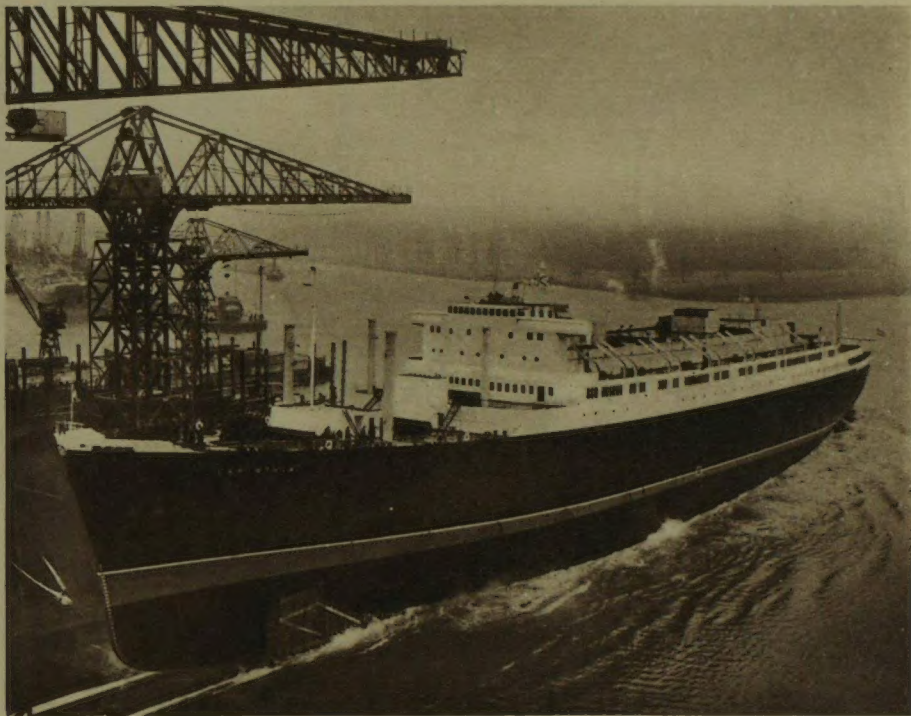


AT THE START OF HER PASSENGER SERVICE: THE POWERFUL DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, THE *DELTAIC*, HAULING THE *MERSEY EXPRESS* INTO EUSTON STATION.

FROM LAND AND SEA: A SURVEY OF NEWS EVENTS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



AN AERIAL PICTURE OF THE BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE AGAINST WHICH AN R.A.F. HELICOPTER CRASHED ON DECEMBER 15. THE LIGHTHOUSE STANDS ON THE FAMOUS INCHCAPE ROCK. A helicopter on a training flight from the R.A.F. station at Leuchars, Fife, crashed on the steps of the Bell Rock lighthouse, which stands on the Inchcape Rock, 12 miles off the Angus coast. The body of one member of the crew of two was recovered; the pilot was reported "missing, believed killed."



GLIDING INTO THE WATER TO THE SOUND OF ROUSING CHEERS: THE NEW 22,000-TON CUNARD LINER T.S.S. *CARINTHIA* AFTER THE LAUNCHING BY PRINCESS MARGARET. On December 14 Princess Margaret braved driving rain and a high wind when she launched and named the *Carinthia* at John Brown's Clydebank shipyard. The vessel is the third of four new 22,000-ton liners for Cunard's Canadian service, and was laid down only 350 days before her launch. She will carry nearly 900 passengers in two classes, and is fitted with stabilisers. Steam turbines driving twin screws will give her a speed of some 20 knots on her maiden voyage scheduled for June 27 next year.



AT THE CONTROLS OF THE NEW *DELTAIC* LOCOMOTIVE: DRIVER E. MARTIN, OF CAMDEN DEPOT, WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN FROM LIVERPOOL TO EUSTON. A milestone in railway history was reached on December 13 with the arrival at Euston Station of the world's most powerful single-unit diesel-electric locomotive, the *Deltic*, after hauling, for the first time, a passenger train from Liverpool. The locomotive, which weighs 106 tons, can develop 3,300 horse-power from its two 18-cylinder engines. It is designed for a speed of 90 m.p.h. in service. The locomotive is still the property of its makers, the English Electric Company, and it is on loan to British Railways.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**RESIGNING AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL:
SIR KNOX HELM.**

The Foreign Office announced on December 12 that Sir Knox Helm, the Governor-General of the Sudan, was resigning for personal reasons. Sir Knox Helm, who is sixty-two, has been Governor-General since 1954. He joined the Foreign Office in 1912 and has held many positions in the Middle East. He was Ambassador to Turkey from 1951-54. Recently the final steps have been taken in granting independence to the Sudan.



**A NOTABLE NAVAL FIGURE DIES:
ADMIRAL SIR HUBERT BRAND.**

Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, who was at one time C-in-C. of the Atlantic Fleet, and of the Plymouth Station, died at Winchester on December 14, aged eighty-five. He became a naval cadet in 1883 and in the course of his long naval career he commanded His Majesty's Yachts after the First War. He retired in 1932 having been First and Principal Naval A.D.C. to King George V. during his last year of active service.



**A GREAT PUBLIC SERVANT: THE LATE
EARL OF CLARENDON.**

The Earl of Clarendon, who was Lord Chamberlain from 1938 to 1952, died at his London home on December 13, at the age of seventy-eight. He succeeded his father in 1914 and after holding various Court and political appointments he was Chairman of the B.B.C. from 1927-30. From 1930-37 he was Governor-General of South Africa, and he was appointed Lord Chamberlain soon after his return. He retired in 1952.



**THE NEW SWISS PRESIDENT:
MR. MARKUS FELDMANN.**

On December 15 the Swiss Federal Assembly elected Mr. Markus Feldmann, who is chief of the Justice and Police Department, as President of the Confederation for 1956. Mr. Feldmann is a lawyer from Canton Bern, and belongs to the Bourgeois and Peasants' Party. He is fifty-eight and has had a long political career. Mr. H. Streuli was elected as Vice-President. The seven members of the Federal Council were re-elected.



DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED ARCHAEOLOGIST: DR. V. E. NASH-WILLIAMS.

Dr. V. E. Nash-Williams, F.S.A., Keeper of Archaeology in the National Museum of Wales, died at his home in Cardiff on December 15, aged fifty-eight. He was for many years Lecturer in Archaeology in University College, Cardiff, and became widely known as an expert in Welsh archaeology. He published a report about the Roman site at Caerleon in 1940, and has since continued his examination of this site.



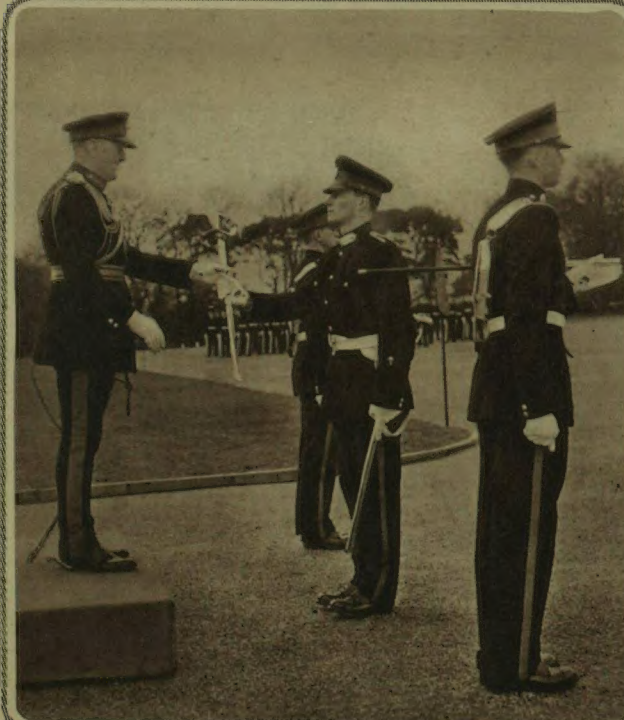
**VISITING THE BRITISH COUNCIL'S LONDON HOSTEL FOR COLONIAL STUDENTS: H.M. THE QUEEN
TALKING TO TWO STUDENTS FROM NIGERIA DURING HER TOUR ON DECEMBER 13.**

The British Council is now twenty-one years old and as part of the celebrations the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Council's residence for Colonial Students at Hans Crescent, London. They were received by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd. Some 350 students were present and the bandmen of the West Indian Students' Union played a welcoming calypso.



**RETIRING AS DEPUTY LEADER:
MR. HERBERT MORRISON.**

Mr. Herbert Morrison, who has been Deputy Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party since 1935, announced his resignation soon after the results of the poll for the Leadership were announced. Mr. Morrison is sixty-seven and first joined Parliament as member for South Hackney in 1923. During the war he was Home Secretary, and he held high office in the Labour Governments after the war.



**THE FIRST COMMONWEALTH CADET TO RECEIVE THE SWORD
OF HONOUR: SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER CRUTCHLEY.**

On December 15, at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, General Sir Cameron Nicholson presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer A. L. Crutchley (New College), who comes from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. He is the first Commonwealth cadet to win the Sword of Honour at Sandhurst.



**EXAMINING THE ESKIMO MACE: MR. VINCENT
MASSEY, GOV.-GEN. OF CANADA (RIGHT).**

Early in 1956 the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey, will present a Mace to the Council of the Northwest Territories. The Mace (illustrated on page 1085) has been made by Eskimo craftsmen from materials commonly found in the Arctic. The Governor-General is seen here examining the Mace together with Mr. James Houston, who was in charge of its manufacture.



**MAROONED OVERNIGHT IN THE SNOW: PILOTS OF THE
MIDLAND GLIDING CLUB.**

Nine glider pilots of the Midland Gliding Club were stranded in the club's headquarters on Long Mynd, a hill range near Church Stretton (Shropshire), when heavy snowfalls on December 11 prevented them from descending. Six of these pilots are shown here at the Club Huts. Miss Gillian Vernon, one of the two women in the party, is seen on the left.



A RECENT PORTRAIT-STUDY OF MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, WHO WAS ELECTED THE NEW LEADER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY ON DECEMBER 14.

AFTER the recent resignation of Mr. Attlee arrangements were made to elect a new leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Three candidates stood for election on December 14 and by polling 157 votes against Mr. Aneurin Bevan's 70 votes and Mr. Herbert Morrison's 40 votes, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell achieved an overall majority of 47 votes. As Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party Mr. Gaitskell automatically becomes Leader of the Opposition, with the prospect of being Prime Minister in any future Labour Government. After the result of the poll Mr. Morrison announced his resignation as Deputy Leader of the party, and his successor will be elected after the Christmas recess. Mr. Gaitskell is forty-nine years old. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he gained first-class honours in Philosophy, Politics and Economics. He continued his economic studies and after an unsuccessful attempt to enter Parliament in 1935, when he was defeated in

[Continued opposite.



MR. GAITSKELL, WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE KITCHEN OF HIS HAMPSTEAD HOME; ON THE LEFT IS 15½-YEAR-OLD JULIA; AND 12½-YEAR-OLD CRESSIDA IS HELPING HER MOTHER ON THE RIGHT.

Continued.] the General Election as Labour candidate for Chatham, he became head of the Department of Political Economy at University College, London, and Reader in Political Economy at London University. During the war Mr. Gaitskell joined the Civil Service, serving in the two ministries headed by Mr. Hugh Dalton. In 1945 he was elected as Labour member for South Leeds, which is still his constituency. In 1946 he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, and a year later he succeeded Mr. Shinwell as Minister. In 1950 Mr. Gaitskell was appointed Minister of State for Economic Affairs, and later in that year he succeeded Sir Stafford Cripps as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He introduced only one Budget before the defeat of the Labour Government in 1951. In 1954 Mr. Gaitskell was elected Treasurer of the Labour Party, easily defeating Mr. Bevan. His new success underlines his strong position in the Labour Party.

ELECTED LEADER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY BY A BIG MAJORITY: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

"STRANGE ISLAND. BRITAIN THROUGH FOREIGN EYES, 1395-1940"; Compiled and Edited by FRANCESCA M. WILSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

NOW and then some foreigner writes a book about England and the English which makes in us a fleeting desire to see ourselves as others see us. When I was a boy almost every literate household in the country contained a copy of "John Bull and his Island," by Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet), and it has had several successors since, notably "The Silences of Colonel Bramble" and "The English, are they Human?" which, in spite of its title, was affectionate and agreeably flattering. Miss Wilson has had the happy notion of making selections from such visitors' notes over a period of nearly 600 years. She does not confine herself to such specialised notes as these, but takes what she thinks pertinent from letters, diaries, diplomatic documents and autobiographies. She allows herself ample latitude. Her unsavoury episode from that conceited cad Stendhal throws little light upon us, though a good deal upon Stendhal's behaviour while in our midst; and the extract from Gandhi's autobiography merely shows that the young Gandhi merely added a new element of "strangeness" to the island landscape. He did his best to turn himself into the semblance of an English gentleman. "The clothes after the Bombay cut I was wearing were, I thought, unsuitable for English society, and I got new ones at the Army and Navy Stores. I also went in for a chimney-pot hat costing nineteen shillings—an excessive price for those days. Not content with this, I wasted ten pounds on an evening suit made in Bond Street, the centre of fashionable life in London, and got my good and noble hearted brother to send me a double watch-chain of gold. It was not correct to wear a ready-made tie and I learnt the art of tying one for myself." He took lessons in dancing and elocution, for a few months only, but, he says, "the punctiliousness in dress persisted for years." There is a promising subject for a cartoon by "Max" here; the Young Gandhi (or Dandhi) encountering the Old Gandhi after the latter has finally thrown in his sartorial hand and taken to a loin-cloth.

Miss Wilson's earliest author is Sir John Froissart. Passages from this most graphic of chroniclers are always welcome in whatever context. But, as Miss Wilson admits, he thought in terms of class, not of nation, and was as thoroughly at home at the Court of Edward III. and Richard II. as he was in his own country. A century elapses before the first shrewd commentator appears. He was Andrea Trevisano, Venetian Ambassador here, who wrote a little essay on us. He hit on some traits which have persisted until our own day: "The English are great lovers of themselves, and of everything belonging to them; they think that there are no other men but themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner they say that 'he looks like an Englishman' and that 'it is a great pity he should not be an Englishman.'"

According to him, we liked good food and a lot of it; "would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in any distress"; "wear very fine clothes, and are extremely polite in their language"; were assiduous churchgoers but prone to a diversity of opinions about religion. But our opinion of all his comments must be qualified in the light of one sentence: "The English, being great epicures, and very avaricious by nature, indulge in the most delicate fare themselves and give their household the coarsest bread, and beer, and cold meat baked on Sunday for the week, which, however, they allow them in great abundance." It is glaringly evident from that what His Excellency the Ambassador, writing to His Magnificence the Doge, meant by "the English": the King (a Welshman and indisputably avaricious)

and his courtiers—with all of whom, in that narrow world, he probably conversed in Latin, or possibly French. Froissart, had he lived a century later than he did, would have told us more about "the English" of that day. Froissart was a beneficed, and occasionally absentee, cleric who frequented taverns in order to meet all classes and hear song and story. Trevisano was the Ambassador of a strictly oligarchic Republic, nominally ruled by a king elected for life. He probably knew very little about the ways of life and of thinking of the gondoliers on his native canals or the vendors of fruit and vegetables in his native piazzas. Even

Economics] from various "income-groups"—a Foreign Ambassador had no access at all to the English people. And Trevisano's eminence as an observer is attested by the fact that he did

note certain permanent things so shrewdly. More than forty years ago I was burrowing (like our old, and now-persecuted, friend, the rabbit) in the British Museum and came across, in a volume of State Papers, a report (and it may have been one overlooked by Miss Wilson) from an Italian saying, as from a visitor to this "Strange Island," that we had the best inns, the best roads, and the most beautiful parish churches in the world.

I suppose that were such reports on any country by foreign observers to be published there would be points for and against. I suppose also that the country described would prefer the points for. We most of us would like to enjoy the good opinion of our neighbours, however little we may deserve it. Throughout Miss Wilson's collection of extracts certain things recur: notably our gormandising, our willingness and ability to face death in a good cause, and the beauty of our women—based, I suppose, in general, rather on complexion than on feature. After she has proceeded through a great variety of visitors, such as Voltaire, Heine and Mendelssohn (who found that the young Queen Victoria knew all his works, major and minor, by heart), she comes to contemporaries whose opinions may fortify us in the straits in which we now are, and from which grew the "straight upper-lip," as exemplified in our worst time, by Sir Winston Churchill.

Pierre Maillaud writes of 1940: "That in their darkest hour this people should have remained quietly human in their daily life, that they retained their tolerance and good humour at home when they had to show Spartan defiance to a hostile world—this is the real proof that their cause was good, their defence justified, and that their championship of Europe, conscious or not, was not an empty word." And George Santayana, a Spaniard born, a graduate of Harvard, a master of English in prose and verse who wasted his prose on metaphysics and told the truth as he saw it about the enterprise that Bulganin and Khrushchev now contemn, we may take to our denigrated hearts:

"Instinctively the Englishman is no missionary, no conqueror. He prefers the country to the town, and home to foreign parts. He is rather glad and relieved if only natives will remain natives and strangers strangers, and at a comfortable distance from himself. Yet outwardly he is most hospitable and accepts almost anybody for the time being; he travels and conquers without a settled design, because he has the instinct of exploration. His adventures are all external; they change him so little that he is not afraid of them. He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle, amongst all the deliriums of mankind. Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls, and fanatics manage to supplant him." Santayana wrote that thirty-three years ago. The supplanting has happened. I remain an unrepentant Englishman. I don't care what they say: we did our best. Now, alas, we are watching on the touch-lines.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1114 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS FRANCESCA M. WILSON. Miss Francesca Wilson studied history at Newnham College, Cambridge, of which she is now an Associate. Since World War I, she has travelled in many foreign countries, where she has done extensive relief work. She is the author of "In the Margins of Chaos" and "Aftermath."



"IT RAINS, RAINS, ALWAYS RAINS. . . . LOOK AT THE CROWD OF PEOPLE HOLDING UMBRELLAS AND WAITING TO CROSS THE ROAD IN THE RAIN." ("THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN LONDON," BY CHIANG YEE): UMBRELLAS UNDER BIG BEN.

(From an illustration by Chiang Yee, from his book "The Silent Traveller in London"; reproduced by permission of the artist and Country Life, Ltd.) Illustrations reproduced from the book "Strange Island. Britain Through Foreign Eyes, 1395-1940"; by courtesy of the publisher, Longmans.



"MASTERS AND SERVANTS ASSEMBLE AND KNEEL DOWN EVERY EVENING IN THE DINING-ROOM, THE MASTERS AT ONE SIDE AND THE SERVANTS AT THE OTHER" ("VOYAGE EN ANGLETERRE," BY LAMI): FAMILY PRAYERS.

(From a coloured lithograph in "Voyage en Angleterre" in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.)

to-day I doubt if there is an Ambassador in London, even from "the democratic peace-loving states" of the Soviet orbit, who has the slightest notion as to what is being said or thought by the myriads of old or young English ex-soldiers, and their wives, sisters and mothers. But at that time, with communications so bad, and the classes so segregated—though not in the villages, where Sir Roger de Coverley presided, especially at Christmas, over an assembly of people [in the vile modern phrase, invented (I sincerely apologise if I am wrong) by the London School of

* "Strange Island. Britain Through Foreign Eyes, 1395-1940." Compiled and Edited by Francesca M. Wilson. Illustrated. (Longmans; 21s.)



THE QUEEN SEES THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE FILM OF "RICHARD III.": HER MAJESTY ENTERING THE ROYAL BOX IN THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, ON DECEMBER 13.

H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the première of the film of "Richard III." at the Leicester Square Theatre on December 13. The proceeds from the performance are being devoted to King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. A large crowd cheered the arrival of the Royal visitors, who were greeted by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title rôle and has produced and directed the film, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Terence Nugent, President of the fund, and Dame Edith Evans. Among those presented before the performance were

Miss Claire Bloom, who plays the part of Lady Anne in the film, and Sir Alexander Korda. Lady Olivier (Miss Vivien Leigh) presented a bouquet to the Queen. The distinguished audience included the Earl and Countess of Harewood; Mr. Aldrich, the U.S. Ambassador; Mrs. Pandit, High Commissioner for India; Mr. and Mrs. Attlee; Mr. and Mrs. Gaitskell; Mr. Somerset Maugham, and others. The film, which received an enthusiastic reception, is in VistaVision and Technicolor, and the music is by Sir William Walton.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. OFFICERS' WIVES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I AM always chary of advocating increases in national expenditure. We are apt to talk in one breath of crushing taxation and the necessity of increasing expenditure here, there and everywhere. We cannot have it both ways. To-day, however, I am not making a plea for kindness, hardly even for justice. I am concerned rather with the need for paying a wage, in one way or another, which will attract and retain the services of certain servants of the Crown and the State. If the fighting forces were getting and retaining the officers, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers they wanted, I doubt whether I should be writing on behalf of these at the present time, even if I felt that they were inadequately provided for. It is because this is not so that I write. If you offer wages which are low by the general standard to a class of employees who have no union to force these wages up, then you fail to obtain enough of the type you require, and as matters grow worse you lose the best you have.

Officers and other ranks of the armed forces are not permitted to discuss publicly the inadequacy of their pay and allowances. This prohibition does not, however, apply to their wives. A group of Service wives has recently decided to organise a campaign to draw attention to the extent to which this affects them and their children, and through them the careers of their husbands. The present state of affairs is not new and many people have some notion of what is going on. These wives, however, live in the midst of it. They know that a certain proportion of officers are accepted and a certain proportion of promotions are made among other ranks and ratings only because no better can be found. They are aware of a more serious trouble still, that both in the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks men who have been informed that their prospects are good are leaving the armed forces for civil life. They cannot help, seeing that this process has gone so far as to exercise a serious effect upon the efficiency of the armed forces.

Many occupations exist in which the wage-earner and his family have to move from place to place. In few, however, are the moves as frequent as in the armed forces, and I venture to say in none are they so frequent or sudden. Here is an aspect which hardly worries the bachelor. He may be delighted to "join the Army and see the world." It does affect the married man and his family. This is recognised by the provision of a "disturbance allowance," but it does not cover the cost of moves, and the regulations are so drawn up that an officer may often enough find himself disqualified when he applies for it. Moreover, there is always a sort of sediment of possessions left behind, of no value anywhere else but having cost quite a lot of money to acquire. Obviously, soldiers, sailors and airmen, and their wives, know that postings are part of the trade and do not resent them in principle. They do, however, suffer considerable loss through them.

Difficulties of education are linked with those of continual moves. A handful of brilliant children appear not to suffer in their education from constant changes of school, but for the great majority steady schooling is necessary if their minds are to be developed to the full and they are to attain the maximum of knowledge within their capabilities. For a child of a family in one of the Services this involves in most cases a boarding school. Recently there has been brought in an educational allowance of £75 a year for children over eleven at boarding schools, which is welcome. It represents, however, more nearly a term's than a year's fees, and though it is not subject to income tax when parents are stationed abroad, it is when they are at home. Then, in accordance with their natural sentiments in most cases, and compulsorily in many, parents either spend their leave at home to be with their children or bring them out to their foreign stations for the school holidays.

There seems to be a general belief that officers and their families live rather luxurious lives. They do enjoy advantages over civilians with comparable incomes, especially when abroad, but my experience has been that junior officers of the fighting forces live very modest lives even abroad, certainly by comparison with their contemporaries of the Foreign Service. And—again especially abroad—certain standards, certain traditions of hospitality, are demanded of them. These could in theory be done away with, as they have been

in many civilian households which formerly enjoyed them, but it would be at the expense of the prestige not merely of the armed forces themselves, but of the nation as a whole. It is not a question of luxury or ostentation, but one of *camaraderie* and seemly social relations in communities in the service of the State and regarded as its representatives.

One feature of Service marriages, which only those acquainted with many Service households realise, is the remarkable disparity between the ages of husbands and wives. The gap is much wider than in the average *ménage*. You will constantly find that a senior officer is fifteen or even twenty years older than his wife because he has delayed marriage for economic reasons. If the world does not fully realise the fact, it has no conception of the consequences. An officer may have to retire at, let us say, forty-seven, having at the time three children all less than ten years old,

often finds it hard to find any employment. It is true that the armed forces, the Army especially, have earned a high reputation for efficiency and business-like qualities—the War Office of a generation back would be astounded to hear how high. A number of senior officers who have made names for themselves as administrators are not only snapped up by trade and industry when they retire, but in some cases coaxed out of the armed forces prematurely. These are the fortunate who have exceptional talents and experience. Men of this category are necessarily few. Men just outside it, but still sound and capable, often find retirement a grim ending to a career.

It is a virtual certainty that increases in pay will shortly be announced. I am not going to speculate about their scope. My subject is a smaller one and my space is sufficient to deal with it only, and that briefly. I regard two factors as of primary importance. The first is marriage allowances, using the words in a broad sense; the second, employment on retirement. I believe that the future of their families is the chief reason which induces officers, and, in many cases, warrant officers and senior N.C.O.s, to go before they pass the dangerous age of the middle forties or, indeed, before they reach the forties. A rise in standards here is urgent. I also believe a strong campaign should be launched for the employment of older retired officers, not only in business but also in the public service. In the latter case, I admit that the closed shop of the Civil Service is a barrier, but it is not one which should be considered sacrosanct.

I have taken care not to overstate my case. All who know the conditions are aware of deterioration in the officering of the Services. Perhaps 20 per cent. of the entries to commissioned and non-commissioned ranks are not as good as are needed, and this weakness is aggravated by the high proportion of excellent men who are leaving them every month. To emphasise the spirit of moderation in which I have approached the question, I will conclude with an appreciation of what has recently been accomplished. In old days there was often railing against the Service ministries; to-day it is only the ignorant who indulge in it. The Service ministries are sympathetic and, besides, they understand their own interests, which are to get and keep good men. They have worked hard and shown ingenuity in the provision of amenities and the mitigation of hardships. It is an open secret that the Secretaries of State and their professional advisers have been champions of the men and women in the services which they control.

A great deal is done for families, often in ways which have a pleasantly understanding, almost feminine, character—I recall a letter from a niece, on her way to Germany with small children and no nurse, because she was to have a German girl on arrival, going aboard the boat with much misgiving, which was dispelled when a ship's nurse took the children over at the head of the gangway. The garden of a quarter may be given its first dig over by fatigue-men; afterwards spades and forks may be borrowed. If you spoil your saw, an armorer puts it right. The kindness shown in cases of dangerous sickness or bereavement is often of the warmest. The thoughtless may come to regard all this as natural and obvious, but, if so, they will be very lucky if they find its parallel in civil life.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, the young men who decide not to go in and the parents who support them in this, the older men who decide to come out and the wives who assent, cannot all be mistaken in their view that conditions need improvement and that the Services are being left behind by the superior attractions offered by the Civil Service, the professions and business. In the long run, the issue is one of supply and demand. If the wage offered—which includes amenities of all kinds—is not good enough, the labourer will not hire himself out to work in that vineyard, but will go to another. No one chooses a military career because it is going to make him wealthy; he may choose it for various reasons, but chiefly because it appeals to him as honourable, interesting, and offering a good life. He knows the disadvantages beforehand. But as he sees those about him continually forcing up emoluments, and with them the cost of living, he is tempted to forgo or abandon the noble profession of arms. It is necessary to stop the spread of this trend.



CAPITAINE DE VAISSEAU LUCAS, WHO COMMANDED THE *REDOUTABLE*, FROM WHICH WAS FIRED THE SHOT WHICH KILLED NELSON—THE AUTHOR OF A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF TRAFALGAR FROM THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW, WHICH APPEARS IN THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

This extremely interesting engraving of Captain Lucas has been sent to us by a reader and former contributor to our pages, the Marquis de Chasseloup Laubat of La Gataudière, Marennes, who writes: "Lucas was born in Marennes and we are very proud of him although he is not as well known as our oysters!" The inscription below the portrait (not reproduced) may be translated: "Capitaine de Vaisseau Lucas, born at Marennes in 1764, died at Brest in 1819. He put an end to the career of the great English Admiral Nelson." The Report of Captain Lucas on the part played by his 74-gun ship *Redoutable* in the Battle of Trafalgar—an account of the battle from the French point of view, which we believe has never before been published, is of the greatest interest and an abridged version of it, illustrated with contemporary French prints of the battle, appears in our Christmas Number now obtainable (price 3s. 6d.) from all bookstalls and newsagents or (post free 3s. 10d.) from The Publisher, Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2.

all with the major expenses of their schooling before them. Late marriages to younger women are also numerous in the case of warrant officers and senior N.C.O.s, though retirement with young children is not as serious a matter for them, because they are more likely to be content with free education. I believe marriage allowances are tending to decrease this age disparity, but for the time being it is still a problem on retirement.

Then, retirement itself. A good many officers have to retire at about the age mentioned above, owing to rejuvenation of the higher ranks. It must be acknowledged that the present period is as favourable as any possible to conceive, because there are more jobs than applicants for them. Yet relatively few of these jobs are open to the ex-officer of forty-seven, and he



A MAP SHOWING THE FRONTIERS OF ISRAEL; AND (1) THE SCENE OF THE ISRAEL ATTACK ON SYRIAN POSTS; AND (2) THE POINT WHERE TWO JORDAN "INFILTRATORS" WERE SHOT BY ISRAELI POLICE.

PATROLLING ONE OF THE WORLD'S TENSEST FRONTIERS: MEN OF THE ISRAEL FRONTIER POLICE AT THEIR WORK.

ISRAEL has a frontier of about 620 miles and marches with four countries—Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon—all of whom are, in varying degrees, unfriendly to her. Many miles of this frontier are also in dispute, for one reason or another. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Israel Frontier Police should be a *corps d'élite*, constantly occupied in patrolling these frontiers on the watch not only for smugglers but also for small bands or gangs intent on infiltration and the commission of various outrages or acts of terrorism. The force consists of

[Continued below.]



MEN OF THE ISRAEL FRONTIER POLICE RESTING DURING TIME OFF. THE FORCE IS A *CORPS D'ÉLITE*, WITH MEN HAILING FROM MANY COUNTRIES, MOST OF THE OFFICERS HAVING BEEN IN THE BRITISH ARMY.



A SMALL GROUP OF MEN OF THE ISRAEL FRONTIER POLICE ON THE ALERT IN SCRUB COUNTRY NOT FAR FROM THE JORDAN VALLEY, DURING A ROUTINE ANTI-SMUGGLER PATROL.



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE JORDAN VALLEY, IN GALILEE, WHERE THE RIVER IS THE FRONTIER: A PATROL WATCHING FOR MOVEMENT ON THE OTHER SIDE.

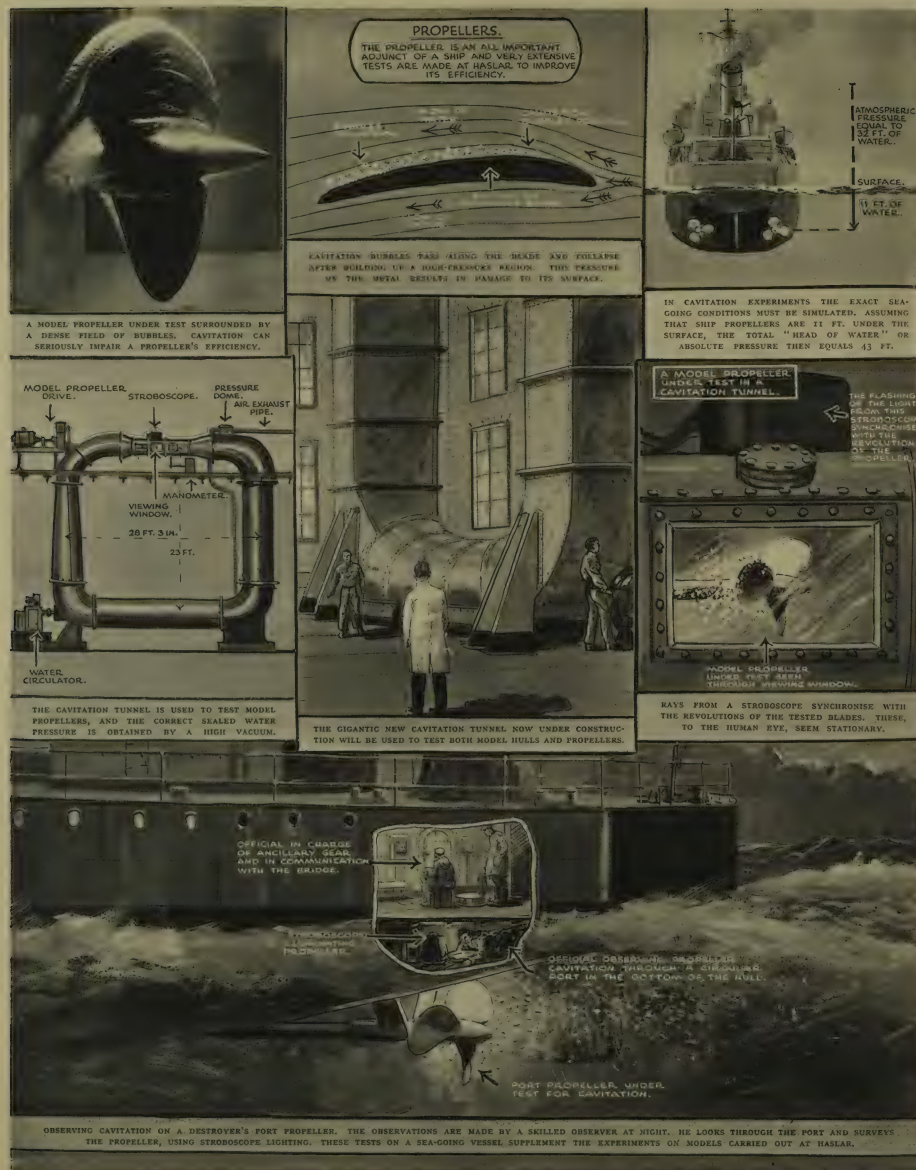


THE SIDES OF THE JORDAN VALLEY ARE COVERED WITH THICK SCRUB—EXCELLENT COVER FOR SMUGGLERS AND INFILTRATORS—AND A PATROL IS HERE MOVING THROUGH THE BRUSHWOOD TO "FLUSH" THE SUSPECTS.

[Continued.] Jews from at least thirty different countries and includes Druses and Cherkesses, famous for their horsemanship. Most of the officers saw service in the British Army during the last war and have considerable fighting experience to their credit. The force—known as "Green Caps" from the colour of their berets—is strongly disciplined, with great attention paid to physical fitness, but is marked by a spirit of comradeship between all ranks. The photographs we reproduce were taken in Galilee, where the densely overgrown banks of the Jordan make it extremely difficult to prevent the infiltration of single smugglers or terrorists. Not far from here, on the east side of the Sea of Galilee (Lake Tiberias) Israeli troops attacked Syrian outposts on the night of December 11-12, causing heavy Syrian casualties.



THE FRONTIER POLICE USE DOGS—EITHER BOXERS OR ALSATIANS—FOR PATROLS AND PROTECTION OF WATER CONDUITS.

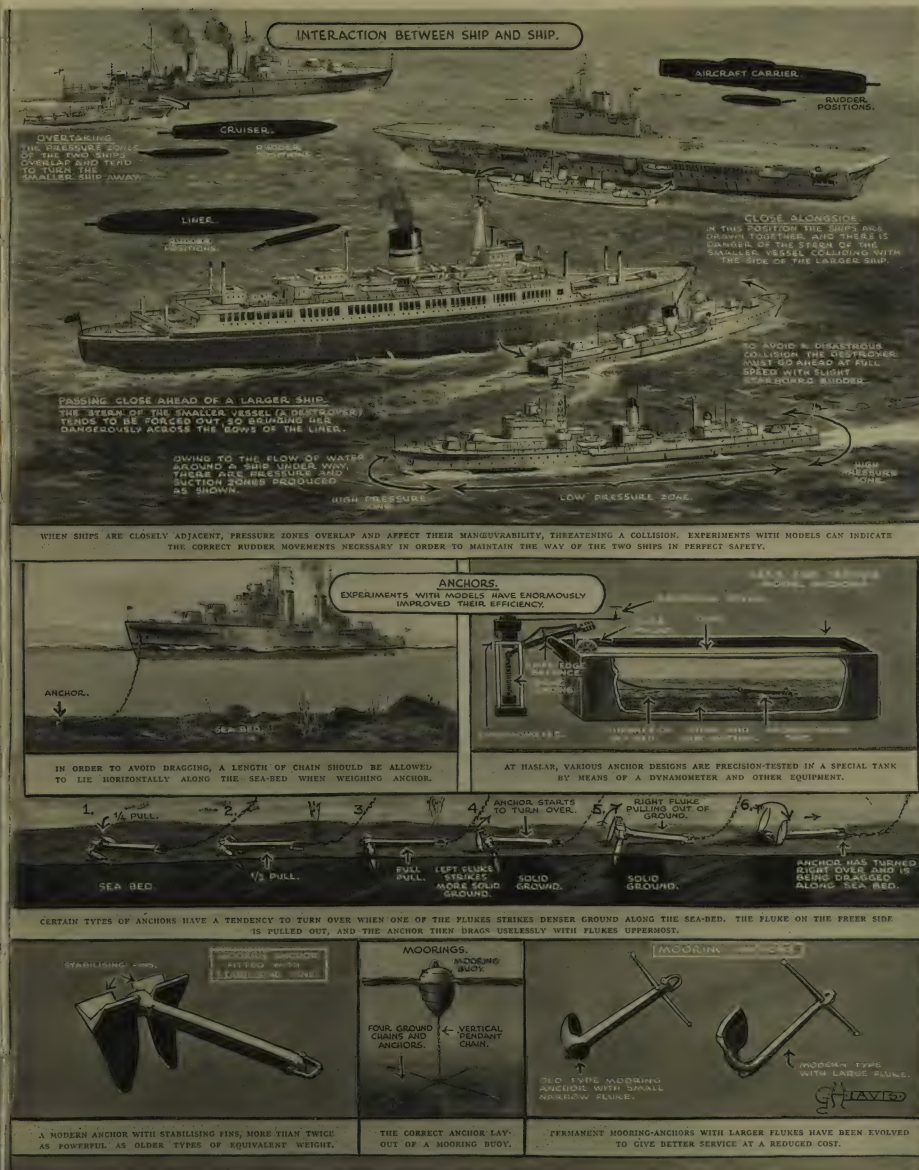


RESEARCH ON PROPELLERS, ANCHORS, AND THE INTERACTION BETWEEN ADJACENT SHIPS:

In our issue of December 10 we described and illustrated the stability tests on hulls and the research into hydrostatic pressures carried out at the Admiralty Experimental Works at Haslar, Gosport. These do not nearly comprise the whole field of their activities. Ship propellers, for instance, are the subject of the most exhaustive investigations, which have as their main object the full utilisation of every ounce of power provided by the engines. One of the deadly enemies of the propeller is cavitation. This is caused by minute defects in the blades building up masses of whirling bubbles near the leading edges during rotation which flow

towards the trailing edges, where a very high pressure is established. The consequent bursting of these bubbles causes the blades to be pitted with tiny indentations, destroying the smoothness of the metal and, thus, the efficiency of the propeller. At Haslar, there are now two cavitation tunnels in which experts can view the action of cavitation on various types of propellers. The underwater tests are illuminated by means of a stroboscope, whose rays can be synchronised with the exact speed of rotation of the propeller, so that to the human eye the blades appear to be stationary. The stroboscope is also used for observation purposes

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



MORE EXAMPLES OF THE ACTIVITIES AT THE ADMIRALTY EXPERIMENTAL WORKS, HASLAR.

on naval vessels in order to observe propeller cavitation under sea-going conditions. Other work carried out at this highly secret establishment includes experiments with models to ascertain the degree of interaction between ships of different sizes when close together. Pressure zones tend dangerously to affect the manoeuvrability of small ships when in close proximity with larger vessels, a few years ago a serious collision between an ocean-going liner and a cruiser occurred as a result of these forces. The research at Haslar concerns the exact rudder positions to be used by adjacent ships in order to avoid collision. Anchors provide another vital field with the co-operation of the Admiralty.

of scientific inquiry, as our drawing shows. There is also an elaborately-fitted engineering shop where minutely accurate scaled-down propellers, anchors and other gear are made by skilled craftsmen for model experiments. As a result of the diverse and ingenious tests at Haslar, innumerable and complex problems of design, manoeuvrability and seaworthiness of full-sized vessels have been resolved, with enormous benefit to those who plan and build Britain's fighting ships and to the taxpayer, who is so profoundly concerned in the economics of equipping the Royal Navy with the most up-to-date and potent means of sea warfare.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT is hardly to be wondered at that such a strange plant as the mistletoe should have accumulated a great mass of legend and superstition. Perhaps the most outstanding

and most popular tradition connected with the plant is that the Druids were in the habit of gathering it from oak trees, cutting it down with golden sickles. That one is about as well-remembered as "1066" itself. Folk who profess to know no history will yet murmur "1066," even if they do not know what it was that happened in that year. In the same way they will brighten up on the subject of Druids, mistletoe and golden sickles, even if they do not know what the old gentlemen did with the stuff when they had cut it. Did they hang it in the hall for when the priestesses were around? I really do not know. But it has always seemed to me that though a golden sickle might lend a certain tone to the proceedings, it must surely be about the most unpractical implement for the job.

There is, I think, something slightly sinister about a plant which is a parasite, with no root of its own. It grows deep into the tissues of its host, and lives by absorbing its host's precious juices, for that, in wholly unscientific language, is what mistletoe does. But there is one thing which the mistletoe does, not always, I think, but apparently now and then, and that is to run about below the surface in its host-tree, and erupt here and there almost in the manner of some running weed, twitch, shall we say, or ground elder, springing up and infesting a gravel path. Until last summer I had always imagined that a plant of mistletoe always remained just one plant, one individual bunch, ever growing larger, but never spreading abroad. But on the lawn of Mr. A. Dickens' interesting garden in Cheltenham there is an ancient and enormous apple tree which is positively infested with mistletoe. All up the great trunk there are tufts sprouting out from the rough bark exactly like running weeds in a path. I examined the tree and felt pretty certain that these sprouting tufts were not originating individually, as self-sown seedlings, but really were what might be called, unscientifically, suckers or runners. Mr. Dickens very kindly took a photograph of this old mistletoe-infested tree. Mistletoe growing on oak is extremely rare, whilst its commonest host is probably apple. It is said to be rare on pear. But it is capable of battenning on a surprisingly wide range of host-trees. In the Dauphiné Alps I have seen it growing abundantly on plantations of Scots pine, *Pinus sylvestris*, and in a Hertfordshire garden which had recently been acquired by a wealthy retired industrialist, I found a splendid bunch of mistletoe flourishing on—of all hosts—a great "Crimson Rambler" rose-bush. There is no accounting for tastes, even among parasites. But that rare phenomenon was cut for hanging in the hall by orders of its new owner, to celebrate his first Christmas as a country gentleman. And the "Crimson Rambler" was left. Apparently there is no accounting for tastes among rich industrialists, either.

The most extensive collection of mistletoe bushes growing on the widest range of varied host-trees is to be found in the Oxford Botanic Garden, whilst the plant appears to be most abundant in the West of England, especially Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Hereford. It is not difficult to establish mistletoe on one's own apple trees by sowing the seeds—the only possible method of propagation. The method is simple. One takes the ripe berries and presses them firmly on to the undersides of the branches, choosing fairly smooth young bark in preference to old rough bark. They will stick to the bark by means of

MISTLETOE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

their own sticky pulp, which very soon dries and hardens and holds the seeds in position until they germinate. The early stages of the development of the young mistletoe seedlings is very, very slow, but from the very first the young plants are intensely interesting, especially if you happen to live in a district where the plant is rare. But let me warn you. It is no use sowing seeds taken from the mistletoe which you have bought or gathered for Christmas. At that time of year the berries are not yet ripe.

I have seen the month of May given as the best time of year for sowing. That, however, would seem to be a counsel of perfection. In most years, and in

a berrying bunch, or part of a bunch, and watch the berries carefully from time to time and leave them on the plant as long as they are sound, and still encased in their sticky pulp, and then gather and sow. If you have to rely on getting someone living in a mistletoe district to collect and send you ripe berries, you are in terrible danger of a disappointment. I mean no disrespect to even the most willing friend, but I know what birds are.

I remember many years ago an enterprising nursery firm advertising young apple trees with ready-made or ready-grown mistletoe growing on their branches. The same firm also offered ripe mistletoe berries ready for sowing at the right time of year. What success they had with this enterprise I never heard, but perhaps the fact that they gave it up long, long ago is some indication of the financial results. I can imagine that producing marketable specimens of mistletoe on their apple-tree hosts would take too long to make it a practical commercial enterprise. On the other hand, I can imagine that if some specialist seedsman would offer ripe mistletoe seeds at the right time of year for sowing, explaining that



"ON THE LAWN OF MR. A. DICKENS' INTERESTING GARDEN IN CHELTENHAM THERE IS AN ANCIENT AND ENORMOUS APPLE TREE WHICH IS POSITIVELY INFESTED WITH MISTLETOE. ALL UP THE GREAT TRUNK THERE ARE TUFTS SPROUTING OUT FROM THE ROUGH BARK EXACTLY LIKE RUNNING WEEDS IN A PATH."

most districts, birds have eaten the last mistletoe berries long before May is in. At least, that has been my experience. The best plan is to watch the chosen berry-bearing mistletoe bunch, growing, of course, and leave the berries as long as you dare, and as long as the birds are gracious enough to leave you any. That is, if you have any growing mistletoe available. An even safer way would be to net, or bag in muslin,

the berries from Christmas decorations are useless, there would be a grateful and quite appreciable response. I offer the idea, for what it is worth, to Miss Kathleen Hunter, of Callestick, Truro, Cornwall, whose plant and seed catalogue is full of innumerable interesting, out-of-the-way seeds and plants of herbs, vegetables and flowers. Who but Miss Hunter now offers seeds of that best and hardest of kales—the true Labrador kale, or the Argentine marrow—the avocadella—and the apple cucumber?

What an astonishing thing it is how few artists, designers of Christmas cards and makers of trivial jewellery ever take the trouble to draw or represent mistletoe correctly. Almost invariably they draw a sprig of the plant with the white, translucent berries growing at the base of a characteristic pair of leaves. That is not where the berries occur. You will find them at the junction of two leaf-bearing stems, but never at the junction of a pair of leaves. But look into the window of any jewellers and there, among the more trivial brooches, you are pretty sure to find sprig-of-mistletoe brooches, with berries represented by small pearls, or almost pearls, nestling, two or three together, at the base of a pair of gold, or almost gold, leaves.

It is much the same with Christmas cards, and even with otherwise most attractive country-scene advertisements.



MISTLETOE: FROM A VICTORIAN PRINT OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN—ONE WHICH NEATLY ILLUSTRATES THE POINT MR. ELLIOTT MAKES ABOUT THE POSITION OF THE BERRIES.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1956 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas. Now is the time to take out subscriptions for the coming year. A card bearing a message from the donor will be sent to notify the recipient of the gift at Christmas-time.

For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department.

For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.		6 months and Xmas No.		6 months without Xmas No.		3 months without Xmas No.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
United Kingdom and Eire	5	16	6	3	0	2	16	6
Canada	5	14	0	2	19	0	2	15
Elsewhere Abroad	5	18	6	3	1	3	2	17

ORDERS TO: SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT (LN), INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

NEW FINDS OF EXTREMELY RARE BRITISH ORCHIDS: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "MILITARY" AND "MONKEY."



(LEFT.) FIG. 1. PART OF A LARGE COLONY OF THE EXTREMELY RARE MILITARY ORCHID DISCOVERED IN SUFFOLK IN JUNE THIS YEAR. THE COLONY COMPRISES AT LEAST 500 PLANTS.

THIS has been a great year for lovers of those extremely rare British orchids, the Military (*Orchis militaris*) and the Monkey (*O. simia*), and we are able to reproduce photographs of both species, taken this summer at four different sites. The Military Orchid had not been seen in this country for thirty

(Continued below.)



(RIGHT, ABOVE.) FIG. 2. A FLOWER-HEAD OF MILITARY ORCHID FROM THE SUFFOLK COLONY, SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC SHAPE OF THE LIP, WITH REDDISH-VIOLET MARKINGS.



FIG. 3. AN ENCOURAGING FEATURE OF THE SUFFOLK COLONY IS THE ABUNDANCE OF YOUNG PLANTS.



FIG. 4. A CLOSE-UP OF A FLOWER-HEAD OF MILITARY ORCHID FROM THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COLONY, WHICH WAS FIRST DISCOVERED IN 1947.



FIG. 5. MILITARY ORCHID PLANTS IN THE SUFFOLK COLONY, PROBABLY DAMAGED BY SLUGS.



FIG. 6. A PLANT OF MILITARY ORCHID IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, APPARENTLY DOOMED BY ENCROACHING ROSEBAY.



FIG. 7. A NEWLY-FOUND PLANT (5½ INS. TALL) OF THE EXTREMELY RARE MONKEY ORCHID, IN EAST KENT.



FIG. 8. PERHAPS THE FINEST PLANT (15 INS. TALL) OF THE MONKEY ORCHID SEEN IN BRITAIN, WEST KENT.

years until a colony was discovered in Buckinghamshire in 1947. Figs. 4 and 6 were taken in this colony on June 4, when it was recorded that there were 114 plants, of which fifty flowered. As Fig. 6 shows, there is some dangerous encroachment by Rosebay Willowherb. While these two photographs were being taken, news arrived at the photographer's home that an entirely unknown colony of the Military Orchid had been discovered in Suffolk some 60 miles east of the area where this rare orchid had previously been found. The news of this discovery was made public in an anonymous exhibit at a meeting of

the Botanical Society of the British Isles, but the location of the colony is naturally a closely-guarded secret. The photographs, Figs. 1, 2 and 5, were taken on June 12, 1955, at this Suffolk colony, where a particularly encouraging feature is the number of thriving young plants which have not yet reached flowering size. On May 26 a plant of the extremely rare Monkey Orchid (a close relation of the Military) was found on chalk grassland in East Kent and photographed on May 29 (Fig. 7), and a known plant in West Kent (Fig. 8) was photographed on June 14, flowering in unprecedented splendour.



THE VITAL DEBATE WHICH ENDED IN THE ADMISSION OF SIXTEEN CANDIDATES TO THE U.N.: A PUBLIC'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL AT THEIR HORSESHOE-SHAPED TABLE.

When the United Nations Security Council met on December 13 their primary task was to consider whether the eighteen countries seeking admission to U.N.O. should, in fact, be elected. It had previously been made clear by the United Kingdom permanent delegate, Sir Pierson Dixon, that Britain would vote for the admission of all eighteen nations, "even if the qualifications of some of them are open to doubt," provided that this would result in breaking the deadlock. The deadlock was brought about by Russia's insistence that Outer Mongolia should be among those elected to membership, together with Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. The remaining thirteen countries were: Ireland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Finland, Ceylon, Jordan, Nepal, Laos, Cambodia, Libya and

Japan. It was also known beforehand that the delegate of Nationalist China, Dr. Tsiang, opposed the acceptance of Outer Mongolia. In the event, he used his veto, as one of the five permanent members, to prevent Outer Mongolia's admittance. The proceedings opened with an attempt by Nationalist China to add two nations—South Korea and Viet Nam—to the eighteen existing countries. This proposal was promptly vetoed by Russia. Thereupon, the eighteen nations were voted upon individually. The first, Albania, received the necessary seven votes. The second, Outer Mongolia, received eight votes, but was vetoed by Nationalist China. As a result, all the non-Communist countries were vetoed by the Soviet Union; thus, only four—Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania

—were approved. The final vote was one of acceptance or rejection of these countries in bulk; this "package" vote led to their arbitrary rejection, for only Soviet Russia voted in their favour, while Nationalist China, Brazil, Peru and Turkey voted against; the other Security Council members—including Britain and the United States—abstained. On the following day, December 14, however, there was a surprise development. The Soviet Union called for an emergency meeting of the Security Council, at which Mr. Sobolev revealed that he would withdraw his veto against twelve of the thirteen non-Communist applicants for admission, and would not press the sponsorship of Outer Mongolia for the present. Accordingly, sixteen of the original eighteen nations seeking admission to the

United Nations Organisation were duly elected. Of the eleven members of the Security Council, only the U.S.A., Nationalist China and Belgium abstained from voting. There were no votes cast against any of the sixteen candidate nations seeking admission. Attempts by the American and British delegates to secure the election of Japan, the remaining non-Communist applicant, were unsuccessful. Mr. Sobolev stated that, although he was in favour of Japan's election, he would use the veto against her. The inference is that the Soviet Union will again sponsor Outer Mongolia at a later date, and if Nationalist China again vetoes her admission, Mr. Sobolev will continue to apply his veto against Japan. There are now seventy-six members of the United Nations Organisation.



WHAT, if anything, would have been the effect on Western painting had there been anything but the slightest of contacts between East and West until our own times?—I mean, of course, real contacts, and not just commercial dealings conducted in an atmosphere of wary suspicion. Trade, as everyone knows, had been growing since the sixteenth century—porcelain and lacquer, tea and ginger, and a thousand other good things, had been pouring Westwards with ever-increasing momentum, yet how superficial all this was! Not even the Jesuit missionaries, devoted men though they were, and highly intelligent, ever came to grips with Far Eastern art as we know it to-day; as for the rest of us during those centuries, we were only really interested in what seemed to us the curious and the bizarre, with the result that, in the year of our Lord 1900, or thereabouts, the best-known and universally respected dealer in Chinese antiquities in New York declared unequivocally to a man who is still, happily, with us that "There is no such thing as Chinese painting," whereas, as everyone now realises, Chinese painting at its most distinguished can compare favourably with any European school of any century, and Japanese, which derives from it, does not lag far behind.

When the graphic art of the East at last reached the West, it came in the form of popular colour prints from Japan, things of little or no account in the eyes of Eastern connoisseurs. But what a stir they made in Paris in the 1860's!—and with reason, for here were designs of the utmost simplicity, in which line and flat colours were used with consummate ease so that poster artists and photographers as well have almost unconsciously been influenced by them ever since. They were overpraised then and, in due course, fell out of favour. Now we are beginning to study them again with a more critical eye. Phaidon published "Japanese Masters of the Colour Print," which was noticed on this page a year ago, and now the author of that excellent book, Mr. J. Hillier, has devoted another to a study of Hokusai* who, for most of us, is the most

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EAST AND WEST.

Two Books Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

indeed, the man of taste seems to have looked upon all this extraordinarily lively *reportage* of the doings of actors and geisha girls—the main concern of the school from the seventeenth century onwards—with something of the disdain we reserve for the sillier strip cartoon to-day. I imagine that if you are familiar with the Japanese stage and with Japanese legend all these elegant figures acquire interest and meaning apart from line and colour; most of us find them a trifle boring in large numbers and reserve our admiration for the landscapes in which the personages are anonymous or, if characters in a story, mean nothing to us, so that we are very probably admiring them for reasons which, to their author and his contemporaries, would appear absurd or incomprehensible, so difficult is it for two cultures to meet and communicate fully.

The other subject dear to the Japanese, and equally dear to most of us in the West, is flower painting and,

reason that our method of drawing only seems "truth to nature" because we are accustomed to it and take our own convention for granted; it probably seems as curious to most connoisseurs from the Far East as their conventions do to us until we have become familiar with them.

The other book now before me, "English Drawing," by Geoffrey Grigson,† is an agreeable anthology of 148 drawings from Samuel Cooper onwards. I have used the word "agreeable" to describe this volume, not in any derogatory sense, but to indicate that its intention appears to be to please us rather than edify, and those who are not yet on speaking terms with the masters of English drawing will find it a most ingenious introduction to so vast and bewildering a study. The inclusion of three drawings by Charles Beale (1660-1714?) from the Pierpoint Morgan Library in New York—drawings which will be comparatively unknown to many—was a particularly happy thought—and the selection is neatly rounded off by three admirable charcoal drawings by the late Gwen John. Mr. Grigson writes of Blake—"there is in his pictorial work always a war between intention and a grotesque inadequacy of execution," and of Fuseli "English opinion has been unjust to the power of Fuseli because of the extravagancies to which it drove him." Not everyone will agree with these two opinions; there are many equally shrewd, and no less debatable, scattered about throughout the biographical notes, which is another way of saying that the author has ideas of his own and is well worth an argument.

Here is another remark, *à propos* of Rowlandson, "Gainsborough unquestionably influenced him in his elegance and freedom of line." Where is the evidence for that? Not, I suggest, in these pages. I turn them over slowly, here and now, to look for evidence on another point: which of all these 148 drawings, I ask myself, would be most readily appreciated by a Chinese or Japanese artist steeped in the tradition of centuries? Is that a foolish question? I don't think so—indeed, the answer is clear—Alex-

ander Cozens, whose ink and brush study of Hill and Trees (British Museum), (Fig. 3) is as near the Chinese idiom as makes no matter—and I see Mr. Grigson notes that it is thought he may have had some



FIG. 1. "THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAIN"; THIS BRUSH-PAINTING, BY THE FAMOUS JAPANESE PAINTER HOKUSAI, IS REPRODUCED AS ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE NEW PHAIDON BOOK, "HOKUSAI," BY J. HILLIER. MR. DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS INTERESTING BOOK ON THIS PAGE.

as Mr. Hillier points out, "Our response to these prints is immediate" [that is, the sets known as the "Small Flowers and the Large Flowers"]—"no former acquaintance with, or study of, the theory and practice of painting in the Far East has to precede an appreciation of these enchanting compositions, and our delight



FIG. 2. THIS STUDY BY J. M. W. TURNER (1775-1851) FOR HIS PAINTING, "SUN RISING THROUGH VAPOUR," IS ONE OF 148 REPRODUCTIONS IN "ENGLISH DRAWING," BY GEOFFREY GRIGSON (THAMES AND HUDSON). THIS DRAWING IS NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE PAINTING IS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. (Black and white chalk on blue paper; 10½ by 17½ ins.)

able and certainly the most easily understood of them all. Hokusai, who died in 1849 at the age of eighty-nine, was a painter of "Ukiyo-Ye," that is, of "Pictures of the Fleeting World" or, figuratively, "Pictures of Gay Life," and the school of which he was so distinguished a member catered for the lower orders of society and was, consequently, regarded as vulgar;

* "Hokusai," by J. Hillier. 130 Monochrome Illustrations and 18 Colour Plates. (Phaidon Press; 42s.)

is spontaneous. . . . Perhaps we come to these compositions half-prepared for the manner of the East, for whilst we have invariably drawn the human figure and landscape with truth to nature, it has been customary from our earliest efforts to draw at all, to conventionalise flowers and leaves, and most of our formal pattern, in book, or on textile and ceramic, has been of this kind." Here I entirely disagree with the author, as far as the human figure and landscape are concerned, for the



FIG. 3. ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION IN "ENGLISH DRAWING," WHICH MR. DAVIS REVIEWS HERE, IS THIS DRAWING, "HILL AND TREES," BY ALEXANDER COZENS (c. 1717-86), WHICH IS ALSO AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (Ink and brush; 5½ by 7½ ins.)

contact with Far Eastern paintings during his early years in Russia. The other drawing which would, I suggest, make an immediate appeal to my hypothetical Far Eastern artist, is by J. M. W. Turner, Hokusai's contemporary, No. 89, Study for "Sun Rising through Vapour" (Fig. 2). Perhaps East *does* meet West after all.

† "English Drawing—From Samuel Cooper to Gwen John," introduced and chosen by Geoffrey Grigson. 148 Reproductions. (Thames and Hudson; 30s.)

A PORTUGUESE ROMAN VILLA-FARM OF THE 3RD CENTURY, RICH IN MOSAICS.



FIG. 1. A ROW OF PILLAR BASES IN THE FORUM OF A ROMAN TOWNSHIP IN SOUTHERN PORTUGAL, WHERE A REMARKABLE SERIES OF MOSAIC PAVEMENTS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.



FIG. 2. A HUGE CYLINDRICAL MILLSTONE OF ROMAN DATE USED FOR CRUSHING OLIVES. THE DISTRICT OF TORRE DE PALMA IS STILL FAMOUS FOR ITS OLIVE-OIL PRODUCTION.



FIG. 3. PART OF THE HYPOCAUST IN THE BATHS FOUND AT TORRE DE PALMA. THE PLACE APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN, AS NOW, A THRIVING AGRICULTURAL CENTRE.



FIG. 4. FOUNDATIONS OF THE ROMAN BATH HOUSES AND RELATED BUILDINGS. THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF THIS VILLA WAS MADE, BY ACCIDENT, BY A LABOURER.



FIG. 5. THE LINKS BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN VILLA ARE MANY AND CLOSE; AND LARGE PAVING BRICKS LIKE THESE ARE STILL USED IN PORTUGAL AND ARE CALLED TEJOLEIRA.



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE HUGE MOSAICS OF TORRE DE PALMA, NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM AT LISBON. IN THIS, GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS GIVE A CARPET-LIKE AND SOMEWHAT ORIENTAL EFFECT.

The magnificent mosaics of the third century A.D. illustrated on this and the two following pages were first discovered in 1947 at Torre de Palma and, we believe, are now published for the first time. The mosaic of the five favourite horses (Figs. 13-17) is perhaps the most remarkable and may be compared with the "sporting gallery" of an eighteenth-century country gentleman. SENHOR CARLOS DE AZEVEDO writes:

EXCAVATIONS in Portugal have brought to light several Roman ruins of considerable importance. As usual, the Romans laid down a complicated and extremely efficient system of highways linking the most important towns. Of these, Conimbriga (in the centre of the country) seems to have had particular importance, judging from the ruins of its walls and palaces. The other most important towns of ancient Lusitania were Merida (the capital) and Olisipo (Lisbon).

But the southern regions of the country were the most intensely romanized, and it was through the south that the first legions entered present-day Portugal. Many villæ give evidence of important agricultural exploitation, and in Évora there is still part of a big temple dating from the second century A.D. None of the finds, however, has revealed an artistic treasure such as the mosaics from Torre de Palma, a big farm in High Alentejo. The startling discovery was made in 1947 when a few revealing stones were found by a local labourer, only a few hundred yards from the main building. The excavations began that same year and since then have been directed by Dr. Manuel Heleno, of Lisbon University and Director of the Archæological Museum in that city. Little by little, a whole village from the third century A.D. has come to light, and recently I was privileged to photograph for the first time the rich mosaics for publication in *The Illustrated*

[Continued overleaf, above right.]

THE ART OF PORTUGAL 1600 YEARS AGO: SPLENDID NEWLY-FOUND MOSAICS.



FIG. 7. THE NINE MUSES THEMSELVES: PART OF A VERY LARGE MOSAIC PAVEMENT WHICH IS NAMED AFTER THEM, WITH (BENEATH) A GUILLOCHE BORDER AND AN INSCRIPTION. IN THE CENTRE ARE THE MUSES OF COMEDY AND TRAGEDY, HOLDING MASKS.

Continued.]
London News. While it is interesting to note the presence of agricultural implements among the finds, particularly the large millstones used for crushing olives (Fig. 2), the big tanks and jars which undoubtedly were used to store olive oil in what is still a rich oil-producing district, the mosaics are the richest of all the finds and should be considered among the finest existing specimens. The mosaics are, indeed, the only surviving proof of the luxury of this Roman villa, but remains of wall painting show that these were also decorated. The importance of this great village is borne out by what is left of the great villa, by the complex system of baths with usual heating process (Figs. 3 and 4), by the "forum" (Fig. 1) and gardens, etc., but undoubtedly the mosaics take first place, which is not surprising
[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 8. A TIGER, PORTRAYED WITH GREAT VIVACITY AND PART OF THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS, ONE OF THE MYTHOLOGICAL SCENES IN THE PAVEMENT OF THE NINE MUSES.



FIG. 10. A MYTHOLOGICAL PANEL FROM THE NINE MUSES PAVEMENT. THE MALE FIGURE APPEARS TO BE HERCULES, COMPLETE WITH CLUB AND LION-SKIN CLOAK.



FIG. 11. AN ENCHANTING DETAIL OF MÆNADS IN THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS. THE STYLE OF THE FIGURES CURIOUSLY SUGGESTS BURNE-JONES.



FIG. 9. PART OF A REPEATED FLORAL PATTERN OF GREAT CHARM. THE MOSAICS FOUND AT TORRE DE PALMA AS A WHOLE SHOW GREAT VARIETY AND MUCH INVENTIVENESS.



FIG. 12. THE MINOTAUR AND (PRESUMABLY) THESEUS: ANOTHER DETAIL FROM THE MYTHOLOGICAL SERIES. ALTHOUGH THE REST IS DAMAGED, THE MINOTAUR IS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL PRESERVED.

Continued.]
when one considers their quality and also because excavations in Portugal have revealed that Roman villas had nearly always been plundered, mosaics being the only survivors. Of the four pavements offered by the present owner of Torre de Palma (Senhor João da Costa Falcão) to the Lisbon Archaeological Museum, the largest and most remarkable has mythological scenes of great beauty of drawing and colour. The finest group is the frieze of "The Nine Muses" (Fig. 7), worked in extremely fine stones, the background finished in fan-like patterns, a not unusual technique of which details have appeared from time to time in *The Illustrated London News*, as in the case of the Ayas pavement (April 25, 1953) or of the Palace of the Byzantine Emperors (Mar. 24, 1947 and Dec. 13, 1952). Other scenes are related to Hercules (Fig. 10), and there is a "Triumph of Bacchus" (Figs. 8 and 11) and "Theseus and the Minotaur" (Fig. 12). These subjects—Muses, Bacchus and Hercules—have appeared somewhat frequently in the Peninsula, as in the case of the Saragoça "Triumph of Bacchus" of the early second century, the "Works of Hercules" from Liria, and the octagonal pavement with the Muses in Arróniz. However, the pavement of Torre de Palma is superior in richness of design. The "Pavement of

the Flowers" is the most remarkable for pattern (Fig. 9), although unfortunately not complete. But perhaps the most exciting is the "Pavement of the Horses" (Figs. 13-17). This was a favourite
[Continued opposite, centre.]

FAVOURITE HORSES OF A ROMAN OWNER—IN A
"SPORTING GALLERY" OF 1600 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 13. FROM THE MOSAIC OF THE ROMAN OWNER'S FIVE FAVOURITE HORSES: THIS ONE, CROWNED WITH TWO PALMS, IS CALLED *HIBERVS*, "THE IBERIAN," AND PRESUMABLY WAS A LOCALLY-BRED HORSE. THE DISTRICT IS STILL FAMOUS FOR ITS HORSES.

Continued.] subject with the Romans, and in Italy there are such pavements, for instance, in the Museo Nazionale Romano, brought from a villa in the Via Cassio. At Torre de Palma, however, to add to their artistic merits, all five horses in this pavement have different names. One of the most interesting is *Hiberus*, probably denoting a Peninsula origin. In the region, Alter do Chão is famous to this day for its characteristic breed of horses. Another.

[Continued below, right.]

(RIGHT.) FIG. 14. THIS HORSE, *LENOBATIS* ("THE GRAPE-TREADER") BY NAME, THOUGH CROWNED WITH ONLY A SINGLE PALM, APPEARS TO BEAR A NUMBER OF TROPHIES ROUND ITS NECK.

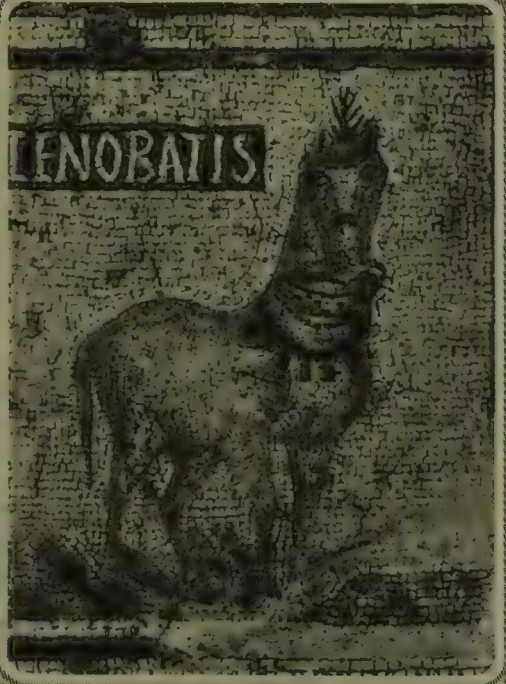


FIG. 15. THIS HORSE—*LENEVS*, PERHAPS FROM ONE OF THE EPITHETS OF BACCHUS—CARRIES A PALM-TREE BRAND. THE PLACE OF DISCOVERY IS TORRE DE PALMA AND THE CREST OF THE HOUSE IS STILL THE SAME PALM-TREE.

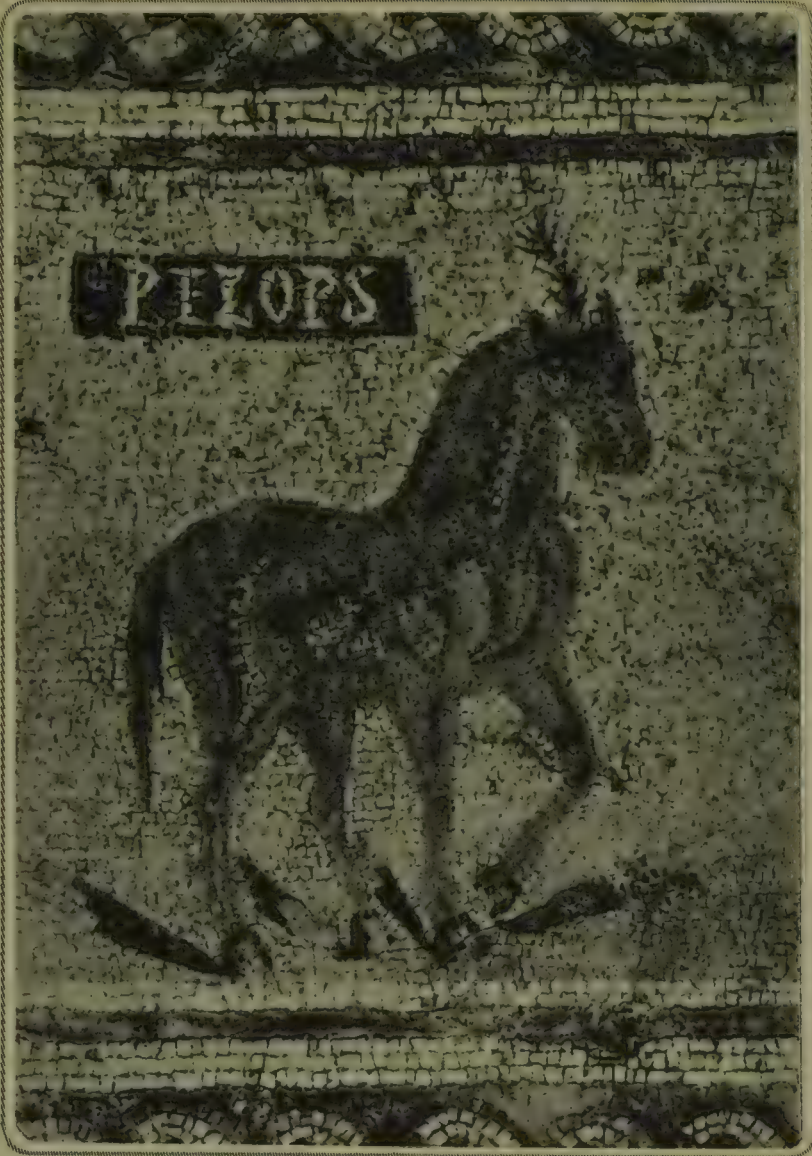


FIG. 16. *PELOPS*—"THE PELOPONESIAN," OR PERHAPS SIMPLY *PELOPS* AFTER THE FATHER OF *ATREUS*. THIS HORSE IS CROWNED WITH A SINGLE PALM.

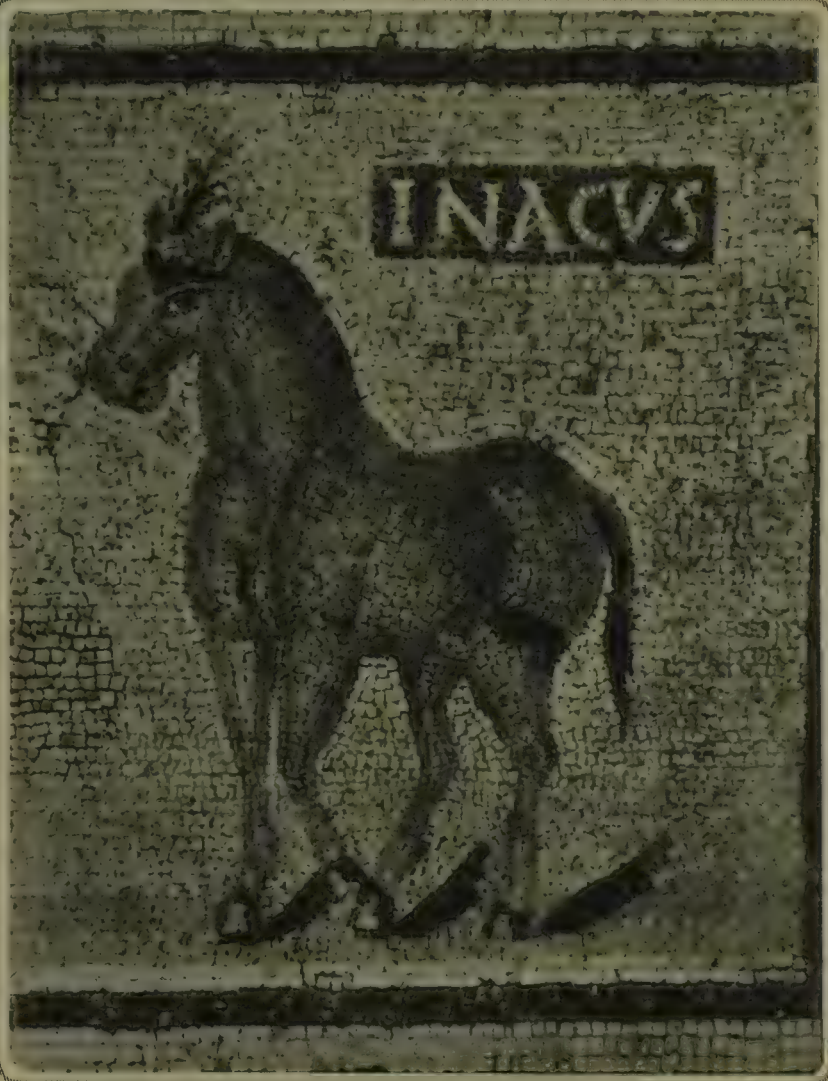


FIG. 17. ALSO BEARING A SINGLE PALM: *INACVS*, PERHAPS NAMED AFTER *INACHUS*, THE RIVER GOD, THE FATHER OF *IO*, BELOVED OF *JUPITER* AND CHANGED BY HIM INTO A HEIFER.

Continued.] *Leneus*, bears a palm-tree as a brand and it is curious to recall that the name of this Alentejan farm is Torre de Palma (Palm Tower), still boasting of an old tower with a crest where a similar palm-tree is to be seen. These mosaics are, indeed, superior to all others so far discovered in Portugal, although some important pavements have turned up at Conimbriga, and Dr. Heleno's forthcoming work, which will certainly be exhaustive—with plans, aerial photographs, etc.—promises to be invaluable reading for all those interested in the exploration of the Roman past.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT was Neave Parker's drawings that started this. In his double page of drawings of animal eyes published in the issue of December 3, he showed two pictures of Swainson's buzzard. One showed the buzzard in the ordinary position and the other showed the same bird with its beak directed upwards and the eyes directed under the beak, so to speak, to give binocular vision. I looked first at the picture then at the artist, with what must have been a questioning look, whereupon Neave Parker put down on the table the photographs he had recently taken in the London Zoo. He described how, after he had taken several photographs of it, the buzzard lifted its head, fixing its eyes on the camera, and remained immobile in this position. As I looked at the photographs I thought of bitterns and robins, and other things besides, and a number of ideas began to drop into place.

One of the things I recalled occurred some years ago, in the late autumn, when I was clearing an herbaceous border. The inevitable robin was foraging at my feet as I raked up the dead leaves, and for a few minutes I stood still to watch it. I had the impression that it was using its eyes in two distinct ways, in a general searching manner and, every now and then, concentrating its attention before stabbing with its beak at an insect almost too small for me to see. Although I watched it closely, I could see no obvious difference in the use of the eyes. Now I am beginning to think that if by some magic I had been able to put myself in the position of one of those insects while retaining my normal eyesight—and immunity from the stabbing beak—I might have seen the robin doing something similar to Swainson's buzzard. So much for the robin, at least for the moment, and now to the bittern.

As everyone knows, the bittern lives in swamps and reed beds. Built something like a heron, it has a longish neck and beak, and the plumage is a mottled brown, except on the neck and throat. There the feathers form a sort of shield coloured a fairly uniform brown, streaked with reddish-brown. The habit of the bittern when disturbed is to stretch its neck and beak vertically, and that is how it is traditionally pictured. This picture, with the bittern shown against a background of reeds, is a great favourite with those writing about animal camouflage. And rightly so, for apparently the bird has not only the instinct to stretch its neck up, but in doing so presents to whatever is in the immediate neighbourhood a brown throat with dark streaks, which simulates a background of vertical reed stalks with the dark vertical shadows between them. Thus its form, so we are told, merges into the background and the bird remains inconspicuous.

There are one or two flaws in this story. The nestling bittern has the underparts reddish-brown and the throat whitish, colours which do not readily harmonise with its background. Yet the nestling, when disturbed, does exactly the same as the adult. It stretches its neck up and points its beak at the sky, keeping the throat presented in the direction of the disturbance. So we have the anomaly, that the same action in the bird and in the young makes it conspicuous. It could be argued, perhaps, that this action represents an innate reaction which will serve the bird well when it grows up. Such an argument would be offset by the fact that it is precisely when young that the bittern stands most in need of protection, and we have to explain why it should stretch up its neck, so making itself more conspicuous to its enemy.

It was while pondering these things that my

BIRDS'-EYES VIEWS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

attention was drawn to a report in the "British Journal of Photography" for November 18, 1955, page 569, on the exhibition of nature photography then on view in London. "Bitterns are always attractive, and surely the sharp-eyed 'Yellow Bittern,' by W. T. Loke, A.R.P.S., of Singapore, illustrates that several species of birds must have stereoscopic vision at close quarters?" It was interesting to see that somebody else, although more concerned with photography than natural history, had, nevertheless, been



THE BITTERN RAISING ITS HEAD FOR BINOCULAR VISION (I.E., TO FOCUS MORE CLOSELY ON AN INTRUDER). IN THIS ATTITUDE THE BIRD APPEARS TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE FROM THE HARMONY OF ITS PLUMAGE WITH THE BACKGROUND OF REEDS. THE USUAL INTERPRETATION OF THIS ACTION IS THAT IT IS PRIMARILY TO EFFECT A CAMOUFLAGE, BUT THE LIKELIHOOD IS THAT ANY PROTECTIVE EFFECT IS SECONDARY.

From A. Thorburn's drawing in Lilford's "Birds of the British Islands."



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE LONDON ZOO: SWAINSON'S BUZZARD (LEFT) IN THE FAMILIAR ATTITUDE; AND (RIGHT) RAISING THE HEAD UNTIL THE BEAK POINTS UPWARDS IN ORDER TO BRING BOTH EYES TO BEAR ON AN INTRUDER, IN THIS INSTANCE THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA. THIS ATTITUDE IS STRIKINGLY REMINISCENT OF THAT OF THE BITTERN AND IN IT THE UPSTRETCHED THROAT SHOWS SOMETHING OF THE SO-CALLED PROTECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE SEEN IN THE BITTERN.

Photographs by Neave Parker.



struck with this idea. At all events, it seemed to me, after looking at the photographs of Swainson's buzzard, that the bittern's action has little to do with innate reactions, or with camouflage. When it throws its head up on being disturbed, it is just having a good look at its disturber, bringing binocular vision into play for a concentrated effort of looking. Moreover, once this idea has been set against the orthodox idea of camouflage, everything else begins to drop into place. The action of the nestlings is explained. We see also why the adult bittern, when it has thrown its head up in the traditional manner, keeps the underside of the neck facing the observer: it is keeping its eyes on him. And if we want support for this new view we can find it in three things. First, if you go nearer to a bittern, instead of remaining "hidden," it brings its head and beak down, raises its crest, spreads the feathers of the neck, sinks to the ground and presents its beak to the intruder in a threatening attitude. To say the least, this shows a lack of faith in its camouflage. The second point is that, whatever the background, the bittern still throws its head up, and if there are no reeds it makes itself an obvious target. Finally, in "The Vertebrate Eye," the only authoritative work on this subject, we are told that when the bittern points its beak upwards it is to bring binocular vision into play, just as Swainson's buzzard does. Any camouflage effect is presumably secondary.

Can I be sure that my explanation of the behaviour of the robin foraging in the herbaceous border is correct? Naturally, I cannot, but I would draw attention to two other observations. When a robin is driving a rival from his territory he will, as often as not, stretch up his neck and point his bill to the sky. In this posture he looks absurd to the human eye, just as does Swainson's buzzard. The usual explanation is that this behaviour on the part of a robin is an innate reaction, and that it does it to expose the red breast, which is a warning signal to the rival to go. Could it not be, as with the bittern and the buzzard, that the robin is merely "having a good look" in a moment of emergency, keeping his eye on his opponent? Incidentally, a blue-tit will on occasion do exactly the same thing, and so will a house-sparrow. It is true the sparrow has a black bib, which might conceivably act as a warning signal to an opponent. The only flaw in the argument is that a sparrow holds his head up in this way mainly when he is courting, and I would prefer to say he is keeping his eye on the lady than to suppose that he is showing-off his black bib for her to admire. As for the blue-tit, I have seen this bird perform the action only when threatening

a rival. He has no particular colour or bib to show off, and the action, once one has hit on this explanation, seems to accord more with a concentrated watching of an opponent, using both eyes together instead of one at a time.

As happens so often, when an idea is germinating and one is looking for evidence to support or refute it, the coincidence occurred. One Sunday morning, in the garden, I saw a small, bright-green bird fly into the bare branches of a tree. I stopped to have a closer look. This was no green bird, but a blue-tit that had found on the ground a bright-green metal cap from a milk bottle. It had flown into the tree with it in its bill and was busy pulling it to pieces. Then came the coincidence. Another blue-tit flew over, settled on a near-by branch and had a closer look. It pointed its bill to the sky, presenting its throat to the metal cap. Then it flew away. Almost at once a robin flew over, did exactly the same, and then also flew away.



REVELLING LIKE EXCITED CHILDREN IN THE DELIGHTS OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS: OTTERS TOBOGGANING AND SLIDING AS THEY ENJOY THEIR WINTER SPORTS ON SNOWCLAD BANKS WHERE THEY MAKE SWITCHBACK DESCENTS.

Snow can be a menace, but it can also be an invitation to play which is eagerly accepted by children and animals. Even the most Scrooge-like amongst us would probably confess, if he were honest, that he has not completely outgrown the urge to bombard people with snowballs. Snow is also an invitation to slide, toboggan or in some way taste the thrill of the rapid and unrestricted descent, wherein lies the great popularity of winter sports. Animals, otters particularly, revel in their winter sports, which differ in principle hardly at all from those enjoyed by the so-called lords of creation, and presumably spring from the same motives. During the last ten years circumstantial accounts have been received, from different parts of the world, of people who have seen the tracks of a bear leading to the top of a mountain and have seen the slide down the other side where the bear, apparently, has tobogganed. Penguins seem to climb icy slopes for no more important purpose

than the joy of sliding down again on their bellies. Chief among the winter sports enthusiasts seem to be otters, which choose a convenient slope for a slide or, better still, a series of humps for breath-taking switchback descents. Running their hardest for a short distance, they suddenly throw themselves flat with forepaws tucked limply under their chests, then, assisted by occasional kicks of the hind legs, they slide surprising distances. Who can now say that we are the only beings with a sense of fun? The common ground on which man and animals—some animals, at least—meet is symbolised in the fairground. There, since no showman can guarantee snow in midsummer, we have such substitutes as shooting the chute, switchbacks, and so on. The fairground music which accompanied the otters' slide in the Walt Disney film "Beaver Valley" revealed a deeper understanding of the ways of otters than appeared on the surface.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



"THE PAJAMA GAME" FROM A COLOUR TRANSPARENCY BY ROGER WOOD SHOWING THE PICNIC SCENE. (FIRST AWARD IN THE COLOUR CATEGORY.)



"OUCH!" BY DAVID JOHNSON, OF THE *DAILY SKETCH*, SHOWING SIMON TEMPLAR, OF JAMAICA, TAKING IT ON THE EAR. (FIRST AWARD IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.)



"DOES IT HURT?" BY F. W. REED, OF THE *DAILY MIRROR*. (SECOND AWARD IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.)



"SO TIRED"—BUT DETERMINED TO WAIT AND SEE PRINCESS MARGARET—BY DAVID JOHNSON, OF THE *DAILY SKETCH*. (FIRST AWARD IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.)



"ECSTASY BY TOUCH"—A BLIND GIRL HUGS A DOLL—BY DAVID JOHNSON. (FIRST AWARD, PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.)



"EARLY BIRDS," BY DAVID JOHNSON, OF THE *DAILY SKETCH*, WHICH EVOKES MEMORIES OF WARM SUMMER DAYS. (FIRST AWARD IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.)



"HORSE LAUGH," BY CHRIS WARE, OF KEYSTONE PRESS AGENCY, SHOWING MISS S. WHITEHEAD'S SWEET WILLIAM. (HONOURABLE MENTION, FEATURE CATEGORY.)



"FAWN IN FLIGHT," BY DAVID JOHNSON, OF THE *DAILY SKETCH*, WHO WON THE HECTOR McNEIL TROPHY. (FIRST AWARD, PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.)

On December 13 H.E. Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, High Commissioner for India, presented the awards to the successful contestants in the eighth annual British Press Pictures of the Year Competition, sponsored by *Encyclopædia Britannica Limited* and the Institute of British Photographers. This year has seen the introduction of a new permanent trophy—the Hector McNeil Trophy, presented by *Encyclopædia Britannica Limited* for annual award to the British Press Photographer of the Year. The trophy is a silver salver, suitably inscribed, and bearing the engraved signature of the winner of the title. Each year the signature of the new title holder will be added. The first winner of this trophy was Mr. David Johnson, of the *Daily Sketch*, who was presented with the salver and 100 guineas. Two hundred and seventy cameramen entered a total of 2134 photographs in the contest, which was open to Press photographers throughout the Commonwealth. Entries came from forty-two United Kingdom and eighteen overseas centres—including nine Commonwealth countries. Five of the fourteen photographs which won Mr. David Johnson of the *Daily Sketch* the title of British Press Photographer of the Year are shown above with some other winning entries.

BUILDING MAYFLOWER II: A BRITISH GIFT, DUE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC NEXT YEAR.



FITTING A RIB TO THE END OF THE KEEL: ALREADY THE GAUNT OUTLINE OF *MAYFLOWER II*. IS BEGINNING TO TAKE SHAPE AT UPHAM'S SHIPYARD, BRIXHAM.



SHOWING A MODEL OF THE FINISHED SHIP TO THE MAN WHO WILL COMMAND HER: MR. STUART UPHAM (RIGHT), BUILDER OF *MAYFLOWER II*., AND COMMANDER ALAN VILLIERS.



MR. STUART UPHAM AND A SAWMAN MEASURING A TREE-TRUNK, SHORTLY TO BECOME PART OF THE SHIP: *MAYFLOWER II*. WILL BE MADE WITH ENGLISH OAK.

The project for building an exact reproduction of the Pilgrim Fathers' *Mayflower* and sailing her to the United States is now well under way. Already, at Upham's Shipyard, Brixham, the gaunt outline of the ship is beginning to take shape; the oak keel was laid at a ceremony in July. Fittingly, it is an Anglo-American enterprise. The cost—something in the region of £100,000—is being met by subscription in this country, and the twenty-five shipwrights and one blacksmith at the Devonshire shipyard are working to the plans provided, after immense research, by an American naval architect, Mr. William Baker. *Mayflower II*.



THE FIRST RIBS BEING FITTED TO THE KEEL: THE ROOF OF THE SHED HAS BEEN REMOVED TO ALLOW THE RIBS OF THE SHIP TO EXTRUDE.

is being built entirely by hand, mainly of English oak. It is hoped to launch her next spring, and to begin the voyage on July 4, 336 years after the pilgrims sailed. Like the original, she will weigh about 183 tons. Her captain will be a man who has served a long apprenticeship in sail. Commander Alan Villiers, born in Melbourne fifty-two years ago, shipped as a cadet in a barque at the age of fifteen. He was part-owner of the *Parma*, and then bought the Danish training ship *Georg Stage*, renamed her the *Joseph Conrad*, and sailed her 58,000 miles round the world. *Mayflower II*., in her making and in her sailing, is in good hands.

18TH AND 19TH-CENTURY ELEGANCE EVOKED BY SOME CONTEMPORARY DOLLS' HOUSES.



MINUTE BUT PERFECT: SEWING-TABLES AND A CHAIR, c. 1850 AND c. 1880. THE LITTLE TABLE (RIGHT) IS EQUIPPED WITH GILT SCISSORS, BODKIN, ETC.



IN THE FARIE DOLLS' HOUSE, NOW BELONGING TO MRS. CLAYTON-MITCHELL: A SET OF SECOND EMPIRE FURNITURE REPUTEDLY GIVEN BY THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.



OF RED BRICK ON A RUSTICATED BASEMENT: THE LANS-DOWNE DOLLS' HOUSE GIVEN TO THE LATE LADY LANS-DOWNE BY HER FATHER, THE FIRST DUKE OF ABERCORN.



LENT BY BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM TO THE CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION OF "PERIOD DOLLS' HOUSES FROM MANY LANDS": THE TATE BABY HOUSE, WHICH CONTAINS SOME EXCEPTIONALLY FINE FURNITURE.

(Photographed at the Exhibition.)



DATING FROM c. 1860: A LARGE MADE-TO-ORDER DOLLS' HOUSE WHICH MRS. GREENE HAS CALLED "THE ANGRIAN LEGATION" AND HAS FURNISHED SUITABLY.



DOLLS' DELIGHTS: A SHOWER BATH, c. 1880: A ROASTING-JACK, c. 1845; A PAINTED VICTORIAN JAPANNED COAL-SCUTTLE; AND A CANDLEBOX AND WARMING-PAN, c. 1760.

The doll, the familiar toy puppet of childhood, is one of the oldest of human institutions, and its antiquity has been attested by Egyptian, Greek and Roman remains, among which small figures of clay, wood, bone and ivory have been identified as dolls from being found in children's graves. Dolls' houses, as we know them, are of far later origin, but they reflect the taste of their age and the history of their time as faithfully as costume, architecture and literature. Mrs. Vivien Greene, who possesses the largest private collection of old English dolls' houses, has devoted many years to study of the subject. Her book, "English



DATING FROM THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE HALL AND A LIVING-ROOM OF A DOLLS' HOUSE. THE ROOM HAS A BUILT-IN CUPBOARD.

Dolls' Houses of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," was recently published by B. T. Batsford (63s. net), and on these pages we reproduce a number of illustrations from this fascinating book in which over a hundred examples of dolls' houses and their furnishings are shown. Mrs. Greene has also been closely connected with the current exhibition of "Period Dolls' Houses from Many Lands," which is being held at 138, Park Lane, until January 7, to assist the Children's Aid Society. Some of the houses in the exhibition are from Mrs. Greene's own collection. "In the introduction to her book Mrs. Greene describes dolls' houses

[Continued opposite.]

FROM TWO CENTURIES: NURSERY CLASSICS OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

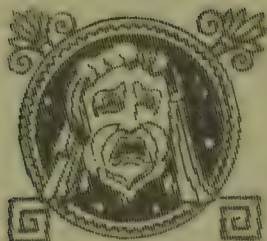


(ABOVE.) WITH A CENTRAL STAIRCASE AND HALL WHICH ARE LIT FROM ABOVE BY A GLAZED LANTERN ON THE ROOF: THE INTERIOR OF THE TATE BABY HOUSE WHICH DATES FROM 1760. HEIGHT 5 FT. 1 IN.; WIDTH, 4 FT. 10 INS.; DEPTH, 3 FT. 6 INS. (Owned by the Bethnal Green Museum.)

Continued.] as "examples of the domestic architecture of three centuries seen through the wrong end of the binoculars; the furniture, therefore, naturally reflects the taste of their age, elegant mahogany for fine houses, bamboo chairs and plant-stands in a villa of the 1880's, plastic refrigerator and television set for the by-pass Tudor. . . . One sad result of the contraction in our way of living nowadays is the absence of dolls' houses. . . ." In her book Mrs. Greene uses the old name of "baby house" when referring to houses made up to 1830 because, as she says, "until then they really did keep something of the proportions of the eighteenth century and partly because the very name changed at about that date, though it is difficult to put any term to a period when one expression becomes obsolete and another replaces it." A tour of a period dolls' house is a voyage into the domestic history of the past. Here, in these small and perfect dwellings, small girls once made their first excursions into the world of housekeeping and learnt their first lessons in the art of interior decoration. Some of the dolls' houses, however, were extremely elaborate and were clearly intended not as playthings for children, but as an interest and occupation for adults who shared a common human delight in miniatures and models.



"EVIDENTLY A COMMERCIALY MADE DOLLS' HOUSE, TO WHICH THE ROOMS TO THE RIGHT OF THE STAIRCASE HAVE BEEN ADDED": MISS MILES' HOUSE, DATING FROM 1890. HEIGHT, 4 FT.; WIDTH, 4 FT. 7 INS.; DEPTH, 1 FT. 4 INS. (Owned by the Bethnal Green Museum.)



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN.

By ALAN DENT.

IN a boys' school at St. Cloud, on the outskirts of Paris, two schoolmistresses decide to do away with the odious headmaster. He is the cruel husband of one of them, and has recently been the still crueler lover of the other. The two wronged women become friends in a way so un-English that we must presume it to be French. They go off one week-end to a house some fifteen miles away, knowing he will follow. He does. They give him poisoned whisky, throw him, with all his clothes on, into a bath, fill the bath with water, hold his head under it, and place a heavy bronze mantelshelf adornment on his chest. The drowned gentleman is then put into a wickerwork basket (which they had already had carried into the house full of pots and pans—they think of everything, these French schoolmistresses!), driven back to the school, and dumped into the swimming-pool at dawn.

The first ugly surprise for the two ladies, who have meanwhile resumed their lessons, is that the body not only fails to rise to the surface but proves, when the pool is drained, to have vanished entirely. The second is the arrival of a pressed suit from the cleaners. The horrified ladies visit the cleaners and are told that the suit was handed in by a small boy. It was the suit worn by the gentleman when our heroines immersed him. But where is the rest of him?

That is all that can possibly be divulged by a self-respecting and reader-respecting critic of the plot of the film called in French "Les Diaboliques" and in English "The Fiends." It concludes with a train of surprises, and its last half-hour is a masterpiece of tension and horror. It is the work of Henri-Georges Clouzot, who knows as much about suspense as, if not even more than, our own dear Alfred Hitchcock. It is sinistinely well acted, especially by Simone Signoret and Vera Clouzot as the two distracted downers, and it is a film which is most cordially recommended—for combined ingenuity and excitement—to all but the timid few who cannot stand mention of a morgue and would not, so to speak, be seen dead in one.

Quite as long a film, but a much less exciting one, is the Italian "La Strada," or "The Road," which won many prizes in this year's Continental Festivals

well played by Giulietta Masina—who acts as a female clown and plays the drum while a strong man, Anthony Quinn, bursts iron chains with his chest muscles, and a younger man, Richard Basehart, walks the tight-rope. A lady with a megaphone warned

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MISS GIULIETTA MASINA AS GELSOMINA IN THE ITALIAN FILM "LA STRADA" (A PONTI-DE LAURENTIIS PRODUCTION), WHICH IS PLAYING AT THE CURZON CINEMA.

In choosing his star of the fortnight, Mr. Dent writes: "One must wait to see Giulietta Masina in something other than 'La Strada' before deciding whether this little Italian actress can play other things besides a waif who makes a sad little career of being a female-clown in a travelling circus. But this she does in this film with very striking effect. She has a trick of turning down the corners of her mouth quite suddenly, which is extraordinarily engaging. Her tragic eyes contradict her whimsical lips in the traditional manner of the best clowns, and there is—in this part at least—a rare quality of forlornness in the timbre of her voice."

the audience to keep quiet while Mr. Basehart ate a dish of spaghetti in the middle of his tight-rope, otherwise he might drop his spaghetti or even himself on the crowd underneath. Here I was instantaneously reminded of the charming tale of the incomparable funambulist, Charles Blondin, who, while making one of his crossings over Niagara in the year 1859, stopped half-way for a moment and remarked to the gentleman he was carrying on his back: "If you don't stop wriggling, I shall have to set you down!"

All that happens in this limp and listless film is that the strong man brutally murders the tight-rope clown, as a result of which the girl-clown who had been helplessly looking on goes out of her mind. The director, Federico Fellini, appears to be aiming at the kind of tragic pathos achieved by Picasso in his early studies of mountebanks. But there is not in "La Strada" either true tragedy or true pathos, only a harsh, unsentimental, but also undisturbing sort of realism. The two Hollywood actors are either "dubbed" absolutely brilliantly, or genuinely are speaking what Hamlet calls "very choice Italian."

They are both good, but the little girl is surpassingly

good. She is like Elisabeth Bergner when that arch-mistress of waifdom first burst upon us, but without the affectations that always marred even that actress's earliest performances.

Aware, at this point, that I am finding little good to say of a film which the Festivals hailed as an Italian masterpiece, I turn to my favourite and most reliable comforter on such occasions, Mr. Fred Majdalany, and find—sure enough—these words which are an extraordinary close parallel to my last tentative paragraph: "A powerful strain of pity runs through the picture, but it is without hope, and it is also, to my mind, without the necessary quality of dramatic poetry that would turn it into a work of art. It is not so much neo-realism as melo-realism. The one shaft of warmth is the performance of Giulietta Masina. Here is a waif without the irritating Bergneresque tricksiness. Touchingly and without sentimentality, she offers the distilled quintessence of childlike helplessness."

An altogether more heartening and less intense offering from Italy is "Bread, Love and Jealousy," Luigi Comencini's sequel to his "Bread, Love and Dreams." Let me say of the sequel what I said of the original—that it is unabashed farce, full of light and noise and shimmering fun, and frankly and wholeheartedly Italian. Once again La Lollobrigida is a mountain nymph—sweet as Wordsworth's liberty and very much more southernly—and once again she spends much of her time on a donkey. She rides side-saddle—except that no saddle is observable. There may conceivably be cow-girls in Hollywood who could ride a donkey as well as La Lollobrigida. But none, I dare vow, could sit side-saddle so very far back, so remarkably near to the donkey's end.

Once again, too, we have Vittorio de Sica as the jauntiest possible chief of Carabinieri, very gallant with a midwife he is to marry, and very, very wary of the mountain nymph who is to marry a much younger, much stupider, much handsomer and much humbler officer of the Carabinieri. Mr. de Sica is at his funniest when he is trying to cope—and to sustain a perfect and avuncular good humour—with the midwife's horrible brat of a small boy who begins by telling him he smells of perfume and concludes by kicking him ferociously in the shins.

Incidentally, there is now no longer any question of the general acceptance all over Great Britain of the best foreign films with English sub-titles underneath. Many quite small towns now find these popular and profitable as well as all the major cities. I was unable to obtain any seat at all, and therefore had



ANOTHER FILM NOW SHOWING IN LONDON IS "AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY" (J. ARTHUR RANK), WHICH IS AN UNUSUAL COMEDY BASED ON THE ADVENTURES OF AN ALLIGATOR. HERE, ON THE NIGHT OF HIS ENGAGEMENT TO VANESSA (DIANA DORS), PETER (DONALD SINDEN) ANXIOUSLY GRASPS HIS PET, DAISY, WHO HAS JUST DONE HER BEST BOTH TO RUIN THE PARTY AND TO END THE ROMANCE. (LONDON PREMIERE, DECEMBER 1; ODEON, MARBLE ARCH.)

but is having rather an anti-climax of a career in London. As I came away, in fact, I overheard an indignant old lady demanding her money back at the box-office and saying loudly: "They told me it was a jolly film about a circus!" It is indeed the reverse of jolly, a tortuously slow saga of a waif—strikingly



A TENSE MOMENT IN "THE FIENDS" (FILMSORON), WHICH IS PRODUCED BY HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT. NICOLE HORNER (SIMONE SIGNORET) PUTS THE DOPE IN THE WHISKY AS CHRISTINA DELASALLE (VERA CLOUZOT) LOOKS ON. THIS FILM TELLS THE HORRIFIC STORY OF A DRAMA SET IN A SELECT BOYS' SCHOOL NEAR PARIS. (LONDON PREMIERE, DECEMBER 1; CAMEO-POLYTECHNIC.)

to stand, in the Bayswater cinema which gave "Bread, Love and Jealousy" its first showing. And at the very courteously-managed Cameo-Polytechnic, which has been screening "Les Diaboliques," every stall in the place being occupied by a shuddering mob, an usherette charmingly offered me a little side-seat of her own while she went to have her cup of tea.

FILMING "WAR AND PEACE": AN ITALIAN SCREEN VERSION OF TOLSTOI'S NOVEL.



THE CROSSING OF THE BERESINA: 3000 ITALIAN TROOPS RE-ENACT THE ROUT OF NAPOLEON'S *GRANDE ARMEE*, WATCHED BY INTERESTED COMRADES.



BOMBARDED BY "RUSSIAN" CANNON, THE SHATTERED "FRENCH" ARMY CROSSES THE BERESINA: A SCENE DURING THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.



ENTERING THE BURNING CITY OF MOSCOW: NAPOLEON (HERBERT LOM) AT THE HEAD OF HIS CAVALRY. A SCENE FROM THE ITALIAN FILM, "WAR AND PEACE."



FILMING THE BURNING OF MOSCOW AND THE ENTRY OF THE CONQUERING FRENCH ARMIES IN "WAR AND PEACE." PART OF THE OLD CITY WAS RECONSTRUCTED IN ITALY FOR THESE SEQUENCES.



THE FIELD OF AUSTERLITZ: THE PART OF PRINCE ANDREW (MOUNTED THIRD FROM LEFT IN RIGHT FOREFRONT) IS PLAYED BY MEL FERRER.



FILMING A CANNON IN ACTION AT THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ: AN EPISODE DURING THE FILM OF TOLSTOI'S "WAR AND PEACE."

Claimed to be the largest film ever produced in Italy, the screen version of Tolstoi's "War and Peace" is nearing completion. Made by Carlo Ponti and Dino de Laurentiis in Paramount VistaVision and Technicolor, it is being directed by King Vidor. Among the many spectacular episodes from the book are the great historical scenes of the Battle of Austerlitz, the burning of Moscow, and the retreat of Napoleon's shattered armies, leaving their trail of dead and dying, through the snow to the terrible crossing of the Beresina. This episode was shot in the

Vincenza area of the River Po, in northern Italy: a rough wooden bridge, similar to those used by the retreating French, was constructed, and tons of powdered chalk provided the "snow." Some 3000 Italian soldiers in the costumes of Napoleon's *Grande Armée* re-enacted the disastrous crossing which turned the retreat of the French into a rout. Part of the old city of Moscow was reconstructed for the fire scenes. The long and distinguished cast includes Audrey Hepburn as Natacha, Mel Ferrer as Prince Andrew, and Henry Fonda as Peter.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A WALK IN THE CASTLE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"HAMLET" is, I suppose, the most familiar play in the drama of the world. As a modern poet said,

... In all kingdoms now, for evermore
Hourly the play begins at Elsinore.

At present it is much in our thoughts, certainly much in mine; Peter Brook's revival at the Phoenix, with Paul Scofield as the Prince (I reviewed this in full last week) has made us again freemen of Elsinore, friends to this ground.

The more we wander in and about that remarkable castle of the imagination (Shakespeare's views on the topography of Elsinore need not worry us), the more people we are likely to meet. When I knew "Hamlet" first, years ago, the "short" acting version used to be so well defined that certain personages never appeared. If you had not studied the text carefully, you would not have known that they were in "Hamlet"

at all. I am told that, when the new production was on tour, a veteran Shakespearean of the old school, who thought of the play only in terms of his working text, was surprised to see on view, and in the programme, someone called Reynaldo. Who in the world was this? On checking through the full text later that night, he was agreeably surprised to find that Reynaldo did exist.

We should be well accustomed to the fellow in these days. Directors have realised that it is a great pity to lose the passage in which Polonius, resolute but vague, plans to have a watch kept upon Laertes in Paris. And we can be sure that, in any theatre, one passage of dialogue will be hailed with delight:

Polonius: You have me, have you not?
Reynaldo: My lord, I have.

The little part of Reynaldo does not come up vividly at the Phoenix. But, then, for me the character must always have the face of Alec Guinness, who acted Reynaldo in the Olivier "Hamlet" of 1937 at the Old Vic. I can still remember the blank astonishment in his eyes, and then a sudden gleam of mischievous delight as the young man listened to his master's complicated explanations:

See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out. . . .

When we walk in these days along the corridors of Elsinore I usually expect to meet Reynaldo as he comes away from the conference, ready for his journey to Paris. He shakes his head a little sadly, murmuring that the dear old man is far gone. I have never believed myself that Reynaldo did a thing: he merely went to Paris, prepared for a good time. In any event, black tragedy was overtaking Elsinore, and no mission could have been less significant.

Voltimand and Cornelius are another pair of shadows that flit in and out of Elsinore. They are the ambassadors to Norway. Cornelius has one line only, which he delivers in unison with his friend, "In that and all things will we show our duty." Voltimand—were he given the chance he is not allowed at the Phoenix—would return again (with a silent Cornelius) for a long speech of twenty lines or so that brings back the news from "our brother Norway," as Claudius puts it with some pomp. It is a speech that prepares the way for Fortinbras, but we rarely hear it now, except in the full, the "eternity," version. It was this part of Voltimand that Matheson Lang acted when Benson did the complete "Hamlet" at Stratford-upon-Avon during 1899, then a remarkable event. Lang, a young man of twenty, frozen with stage-fright, could stammer out only the first and last lines of the long speech: it could hardly have helped

Claudius, or made things clearer to the audience. So "Hamlet," in spite of Benson's care, was not played as Shakespeare wrote it.

I like to meet Voltimand and Cornelius, impressive men, I feel, each carrying a parchment roll or so, and talking together earnestly as they move through towards the room of state. Sometimes, but only in the complete version, we see another pair of ambassadors, those who come from England to tell Claudius (and it would have surprised him greatly) that

his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead. . . .

The Ambassadors are the most spectral figures. Indeed, we are less surprised in these days to meet the Ghost himself who is, after all, a familiar figure about the castle. At the Phoenix now, when the dying Hamlet says "What warlike noise is this?" Osric replies simply, "Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland," and omits the lines, To the ambassadors of England gives This warlike volley.

These halls and passages are peopled, too, by various Messengers and Servants, some with lines that ring familiarly in the mind, though it is hard, as a rule, to attach them in memory to any special person. The best opportunity is that of the Messenger who brings news of Laertes' return. Here is a chance for any young actor:

They cry "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

This personage is by no means to be confused with the Servant who brings in to Horatio "seafaring men, sir; they have letters for you." There are two Sailors; I have always wondered why, because only one speaks, and Peter Brook has, most reasonably, one

The tiniest point, I agree, but typical of Shakespeare's haste. He had a stockpot of names in which he could dip at odd occasions—consider the list of his Antonios—and here he dips in for the name of a man-about-the-Court and pulls out a Claudio, forgetful that the King is called Claudius, or, even if he does remember, not caring for half-a-second.

There are other friends: Francisco, the honest soldier, glad that his watch upon this cold night is ending (a Spanish translation once turned "I am sick at heart" to "I have a weak chest"); the Gentleman who brings to the Queen the news of Ophelia's madness (in the Folio his speeches are given to Horatio); and the Lord who, towards the end, tells Hamlet that "The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play." I think myself that the Gentleman and the Lord may be one; but it is dark in the passages and I would hate to be dogmatic.

Often, on these occasions, I find flickering through the mind St. John Hankin's sequel to "Hamlet," called "The New Wing at Elsinore." Hankin, you remember, explained that the end of the fifth act leaves the kingdom bereft of King, Queen, and Heir-Presumptive.



AT THE SCALA THEATRE FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON: THE 1955 PETER PAN AND WENDY, SHOWING (RIGHT) PETER PAN (PEGGY CUMMINS) AND WENDY (ROBERTA WOOLLEY) IN THIS YEAR'S PRODUCTION OF J. M. BARRIE'S "PETER PAN."



A NEW REVUE WHICH OPENED AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE ON DECEMBER 14: "SUCH IS LIFE," SHOWING THE MINSTREL MELODIES FROM THE NEW JACK HYLTON—GEORGE AND ALFRED BLACK REVUE WITH (L. TO R.) ALLEN CHRISTIE, ODETTE CRYSTAL, AL READ, SHIRLEY BASSEY AND JACK TRIPP.



AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE: "LET'S MAKE AN OPERA," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE ENGLISH OPERA GROUP'S PRODUCTION, WITH (L. TO R., CENTRE) BLACK BOB (TREVOR ANTHONY); MISS BAGGOTT (GLADYS PARR) AND ALFRED, THE GARDENER (LEIGHTON CAMDEN).

only. He is impersonated now (by Churton Fairman) as I am sure he must have appeared. I look forward to meeting him in the corridor, and to hearing from him just what happened in the sea-fight. There is something excellently piratical there; but we have to guess it for ourselves, as Shakespeare is not entirely enlightening.

Not long afterwards a Messenger enters to the King with Hamlet's letters—can this be the Messenger who preceded Laertes?—and we get the dialogue:

King: From Hamlet? Who brought them?
Messenger: Soldiers, my lord, they say; I saw them not: They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd them Of him that brought them.

There is all the material for an acute political crisis. Fortinbras fails to rise to the occasion; Horatio—being "more an antique Roman than a Dane"—gets possession of the throne by a *coup d'état*, and Fortinbras, bearing him no malice, comes to stay later at Elsinore. We meet them walking, as usual, upon "the platform." Fortinbras is observing, "Tis bitter cold," and Horatio is replying impatiently:

And you are sick at heart,
I know.

It appears that the place now simply swarms with ghosts—those of Hamlet's Father, Claudius, Gertrude, Ophelia, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Polonius, and Hamlet himself—he is in the corridors because, indecisive still, he cannot decide which rooms to take. (By the way, why Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who were beheaded in England, and not Laertes, who was killed at Elsinore? No matter!) The rest is complicated. It ends with Shakespeare's resolve to haunt the new wing of the Castle himself.

Maybe we should not think of that sort of thing at "Hamlet." (It is surprising what does come into the mind when we sit at the most debated of plays.) Now, upon the edge of Christmas, it is better to recall that Shakespeare has here those most moving lines, spoken by Marcellus in the first scene of all:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

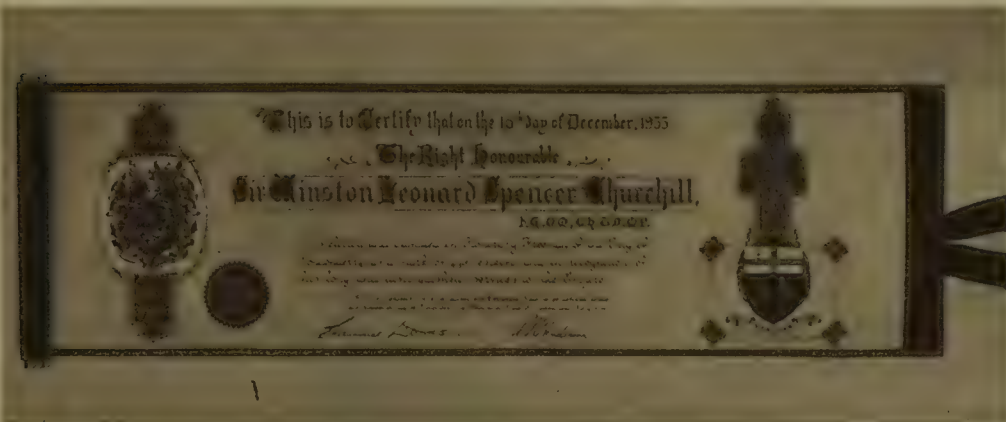
What bounty Shakespeare could give to his small-part actors! I hope that the first Marcellus was suitably grateful.



A PLAN TO MAKE THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE INTO THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUNDIAL REVIVED:

AN ARTIST'S DRAWING, SHOWING THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK MARKING 9.30.

In 1913 the French astronomer Camille Flammarion put forward the suggestion that by the addition of marking the pavement, Paris's Place de la Concorde could be converted into a vast sundial, with the obelisk as gnomon. Though shelved since then, the plan has recently been revived.



THE SCROLL ADMITTING SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AN HONORARY FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDONDERRY, AND PRESENTED TO HIM ON DECEMBER 16 DURING A CEREMONY AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.



ARCHITECTURAL CURIOSITIES, AWARDS FOR SIR WINSTON, HIGH PRICES FOR CHINESE CERAMICS.



A STUDIO FOR A SCULPTOR BY AN ARCHITECT—WHO CALLS HIS STYLE "NUCLEAR": AN ASTONISHING BUILDING, ON A HILL NEAR TURIN, DESIGNED BY THE ITALIAN ARCHITECT ENZO VENTURELLI, FOR THE SCULPTOR MASTROJANNI.



A REPLICA OF THE FIRST BRITISH MEDAL TO BE AWARDED FOR GALLANTRY, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL BY LORD BROOKEBOROUGH, PRIME MINISTER OF NORTHERN IRELAND.

During the ceremony at the Mansion House, London, in which the Freedom of the City of Londonderry was conferred upon Sir Winston Churchill, there were presented to him, besides the scroll, two other objects of great interest. The first of these was a model in silver and oak of "Roaring Meg," the famous cannon used in the defence of Londonderry during the siege of 1688-89, appropriately inscribed and bearing a gold and enamel plaque of the city's arms. The second, presented to Sir Winston by Lord Brookeborough, is a specially-made replica of the medal presented by William III. to Major Rogers of the Inniskillings for valour at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690—and believed the earliest British award for gallantry in the field.

(LEFT.) A MODEL OF LONDONDERRY'S FAMOUS GUN "ROARING MEG," IN SILVER ON AN OAK STAND, PRESENTED TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WHEN HE BECAME A FREEMAN OF LONDONDERRY.

(LEFT.) SOLD FOR £1500: AN EXTREMELY ENGAGING PAIR OF YUNG CHEN BISCUIT FIGURES OF DUCKS FROM THE SCHOENLICHT COLLECTION. WHITE GLAZE, PICKED OUT WITH GREY, BLUE AND BROWN.

The well-known collection of Chinese ceramics, begun by the late Mr. Alfred Schoenlicht fifty-five years ago, was sold at Sotheby's on December 13 and fetched a total of £27,400. Many of the pieces are extremely well known as they were illustrated in H. F. E. Visser's "Asiatic Art" (1948). The highest individual price was £2100 paid for the Sung Dynasty vase (16 ins. high), which we illustrate on the right. This has a thick greyish-blue glaze with a greenish cast, and it appears to be a unique example. It was bought by the French National Museums.



SOLD FOR £2100: AN EXTREMELY RARE AND IMPORTANT CHUN YAO MEI P'ING VASE OF THE SUNG DYNASTY.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT may be true that novelists of our time ought to reflect "the contemporary situation." Indeed, the formula is so vague that it can hardly help being true in some sense or other. But what strikes one rather more forcibly is that novels which make a point of reflecting it are nearly always either ambitious failures or glorified thrillers. Especially, the "state of the world" seems to be good for any amount of high-grade melodrama. But when it comes to inwardness—though I won't be rash enough to describe "Faithful Are The Wounds," by May Sarton (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), as unique in its kind, I can remember nothing like it. What would you expect from a theme inspired by the tragedy of F. O. Matthiessen, the Harvard professor who committed suicide over the state of the world? On form, surely another propaganda thriller. This is the very opposite; it is a poet's work, all beauty, inwardness, and intense personal feeling.

One might say it avoids action. For in the prologue, Edward Cavan has already committed suicide; and his rejected sister in California seems to have been awaiting the news all her life. Then we go back a few days: back to the essential setting in Cambridge and Edward's last attempts to "break through." He is a fanatical Popular Front Socialist, and is being torn to pieces by the fate of Czechoslovakia, the rise of witch-hunting, the indifference of the young, above all, the retreat of old friends. This anguish has really little to do with politics; really, his yearned-for "solidarity" is the communion of saints. But Edward has identified it with politics. And in his last, desperate bids for contact he is smashing himself against a wall. Hastings, his favourite pupil, doesn't care. Damon, a lifelong friend, declares against him at a meeting of the Civil Liberties Union. Professor Goldberg, his closest colleague and fraternal enemy in the department, won't sign a petition. So he crosses them all out, just as he crossed his sister out twenty years ago. Yet they are all exceptionally good people, "progressives" who love and admire, and are at their wits' end for him. Even the outcast Isabel has been having nightmares about him for twenty years. And Hastings, who is too young to remember the Spanish War, would give anything to be "as eaten up by life."

But it is no use; and in Part Two, Edward has thrown himself under a train. Why, why? How is it possible to be "so right and wrong at the same time"; to quarrel with everyone, and die a martyr for solidarity? The question goes deeper than ideas; and only Isabel, who had the least grasp of his ideas, can find a clue to it. For she has been moulded by the same thing, though in a different shape. But that is not the last word. Possibly all martyrs are neurotic; nevertheless, the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church. And Edward has left his friends something more positive and fruitful than a burden of guilt.

This tale is consistently noble-minded, without sentimentality. It is extraordinarily gripping and intense, though it gets nowhere definite, and has almost no story. And the Cambridge scene is like music.

OTHER FICTION.

"God and My Right," by Alfred Duggan (Faber; 15s.), gives us a full-length, official martyr in St. Thomas of Canterbury. The book is large; the psychological thesis can be reduced to few words. Tom of Cheapside was an ambitious, dutiful, rather self-centred little boy, very determined and intent on doing the done thing. At Merton Priory he did exactly what a schoolboy should do: though he was not much liked, and the Prior gave it as his opinion that he would never be holy. As Archdeacon of Canterbury, he proved himself an excellent clerk and man of business: though, in his patron's judgment, unfit for a bishopric. As Chancellor to Henry II, he was the most glittering and ostentatious of *grands seigneurs*; because that was how a Chancellor should behave. And as Archbishop-elect, he used the same formula. "It was quite simple. . . . In a novel situation you must find out how you were expected to behave; you then behaved in that manner, and everybody praised you. It needed self-control, but self-control was his strong point."

The formula for Henry is even simpler: hard work, unbounded energy and self-will, and an appropriately fiendish temper—since the Angevins had devil's blood in their veins. And there we have the whole human bag of tricks. It has obvious possibilities and—though the characters don't grow, but merely repeat themselves—would be enough for a short book. But as the jacket rightly says, the story is complicated. In particular, the struggle between Henry and his ex-Chancellor went on for years, and we are spared no detail of it. Of course, Mr. Duggan has a genius for re-creating the physical and "ideological" set-up of the Middle Ages, and endowing them with a kind of life. But he was always rather weak on the human side, and now the matter has overwhelmed the drama.

"Justin Bayard," by Jon Cleary (Collins; 12s. 6d.), has one of my favourite settings: the Australian outback. It has also a good, large, dramatic story. Young Bayard is a district policeman and pioneer *manqué*. He had the will and instinct but he had no capital. So he fell back on police work, and has been saving an aboriginal for justice at the risk of his life. Now he takes refuge with his prisoner at the homestead of Kootapatamba. And immediately he can "smell death" in it. There can be no doubt of the "trouble-maker": it is Julie Kirkbride. Old Kirkbride was a pioneer; but Tad doesn't belong, and Tad's transplanted wife is becoming a fury. And what with the prisoner locked up in a tree, tribal avengers on the prowl and tribal sympathisers all over the homestead, something is bound to happen. One thing that happens is a murder investigation; and it is not the murder of Emu Foot. But we also get a love-affair, a happy ending, and a picture of station life.

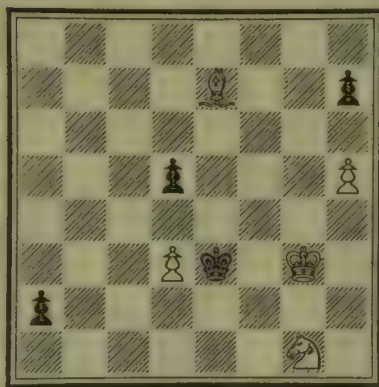
"Maigret and the Burglar's Wife," by Georges Simenon (Hamish Hamilton; 9s. 6d.), starts with an appeal from an ex-prostitute, wife of a frail, unlucky little safe-breaker. Sad Freddie is always hoping to strike oil and retire; but something always goes wrong. This time, he shone his torch on a woman's body. Now he has vanished into the blue; and . . . Good Simenon material, but not one of his best stories.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is surprising that so few in this country are interested in composed end-game studies, which contain some of the purest poetry of chess. Here is a classic.

Black.



White.

Composed by the brothers Platov, and awarded a prize by a Riga newspaper in 1909, it asks "White to play and win."

That black pawn in the left-hand corner soon catches the eye. If that were allowed to queen unmolested—and it is only one square away!—White, far from winning, would rapidly lose.

It seems clear that White must play 1. B-B6 to prevent this; but Black replies 1. . . . P-Q5, renewing the threat. Ah . . . 2. Kt-B3! and now 2. . . . P-R8(Q) could be answered by 3. B×Pch, Q×B; Kt×Q, K×Kt, rather wrecking White's forces but leaving him with two pawns to one in a clarified situation. Is this enough to win? You soon find, ruefully, that it is not: 5. K-Kt4, K×P; 6. K-Kt5, K-K5; 7. K-R6, K-B4; 8. K×P, K-B3, and White cannot get away off the rook's file to allow his pawn to queen (9. K-Kt8?, K-Kt4 or 9. P-R6, K-B2; 10. K-R8, K-B1; 11. P-R7, K-B2, stalemate.).

Going back to the position after 1. B-B6, P-Q5.

What can White do? To cut a long story short 2. Kt-K2!

Your first enquiry, if you are getting really interested, will be: how does this differ from 2. Kt-B3 if Black replies 2. . . . P-R8(Q) . . . ? Clearly 2. . . . K×Kt is useless because after 3. B×P, the bishop can take care of the queening threat whilst White wins the other black-rook's pawn and queens his own.

The answer (after 1. B-B6, P-Q5; 2. Kt-K2) to 2. . . . P-R8(Q) is 3. Kt-B1! Out of a blue sky, White threatens *mate* (by 4. B-Kt5). 3. . . . Q×Kt would lose by 4. B-Kt5ch and 5. B×Q. 3. . . . P-R3; 4. B-K5 would delay the finale by only one move. 3. . . . K-Q7 gives away the queen by 4. Kt-Kt3ch. Finally, 3. . . . Q-R4 (to forestall 4. B-Kt5 mate) fails to 4. B×Pch and whether Black replies 4. . . . K×B or 4. . . . K-Q7, 5. Kt-Kt3ch costs him his queen.

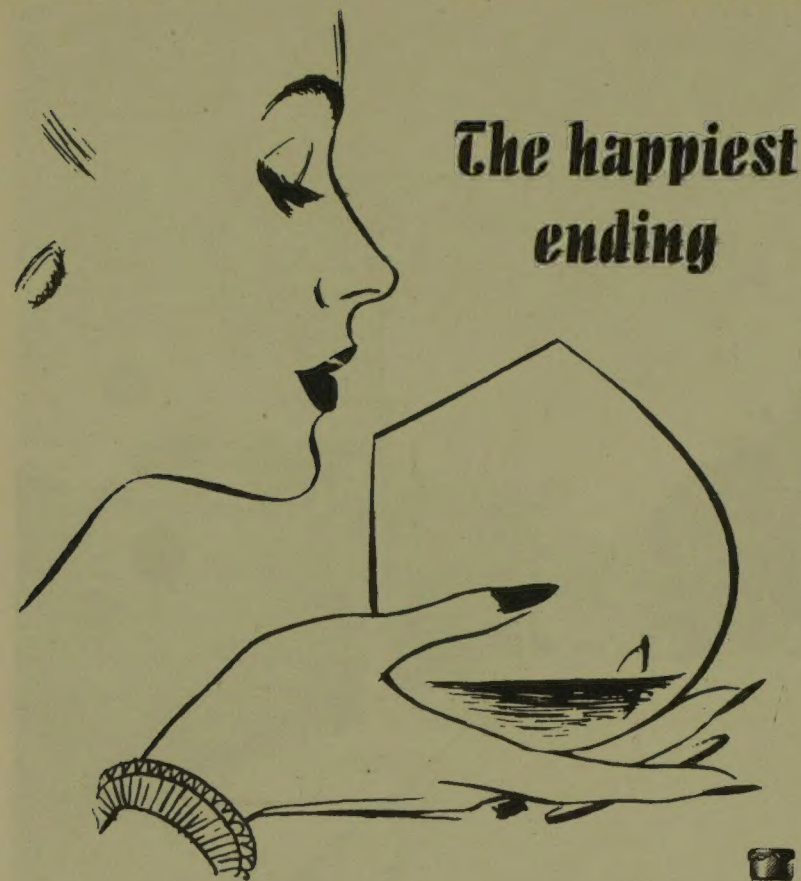
FROM VAN GOGH TO FIGHTING SHIPS.

LAWRENCE and ELISABETH HANSON, the authors of "Portrait of Vincent" (Chatto and Windus, Secker and Warburg; 15s.), in their preface quote Sir John Rothenstein as writing: "We can be deeply moved by a work of art of whose creator we are entirely ignorant. But are we not moved yet more deeply by the works of art which we are able to see in relation to the personalities of the artists who made them?" With all due respect to Sir John, I disagree with him strongly—and particularly in the case of Van Gogh, the subject of this excellent biography. As an individual and a personality, Van Gogh is probably one of the nastiest men who ever lived in the world of art and letters. Indeed, in the Nastiness Stakes he wins by a distance—with Rimbaud a bad second. Van Gogh was a boor and a bore, filthy, uncouth, deceitful, *louche*, and behaved vilely towards his parents, towards his brother Theo; indeed, towards anyone who ever befriended him or did him a good turn. The only excuse for Van Gogh as a man is that he was always something more than half-mad. As a painter he was a genius, and with that I could have wished to have been content. I am only concerned with the fact that he painted like an angel. I do not wish to be told that he was possessed of a demon (or a daemon—whichever way you like to spell it). On the other hand, once fairly embarked on Mr. and Mrs. Hanson's book, I found it difficult to put it down. As they say, however, their feelings towards Van Gogh "have varied much in the last thirty years. They began with an idolatrous regard for a misunderstood saint. Later, as they grew older, certain facts—his behaviour to his family and his attitude towards women in particular—made them wonder uneasily whether he were not in truth a positive menace; they asked themselves how a man could be described as good who caused anger, strife, embarrassment wherever he went—whether a single person who met him could be described as the better for his having lived. These questions, honestly but perhaps narrowly faced, were disastrous to youthful worship." Indeed, as they point out to those admirers of his by whom "he is freely spoken of as a profound philosopher, as one of the best men who has ever lived, even as a second Jesus," "not one of these admirers at a distance could have endured him for ten minutes together in the flesh, nor he them." Their disillusionment leads them to pleasant sardonic sentences, such as: "This pulled Vincent up for the moment and he reconciled himself with Tersteeg sufficiently to borrow twenty-five francs from him," adding that he "borrowed, but, he said, would have liked to throw the money in his face; he took it, but only because he must"—as good a picture of Van Gogh, the man, in action towards a benefactor and admirer, as could be drawn. Nevertheless, their erstwhile affection for the subject of their biography balances their evident distaste for him on closer acquaintance, with the result that the book is as objective as it is well-written.

It is a happy circumstance that that distinguished authority on modern art, Mr. Douglas Cooper, should at the same time have edited "Vincent Van Gogh" (The Macmillan Company, New York; 35s.). The two books should be taken in conjunction. Mr. Cooper's editorial notes are quite admirable, and the illustrations are beautifully produced. Indeed, it is pleasing to be able to recommend so wholeheartedly so excellent a production. The last time I encountered Mr. Cooper, who now lives in the warm south which provided Van Gogh with his finest subjects, was by chance at Avignon. The combination of an excellent lunch in Poitiers and a conspiracy on the part of my wife and another young lady, while the writer of this column was indulging in a little "folding of the hands," was that he woke up to find himself 180 kilometres out of his way and in the town of Albi. The object of the detour was not so much the magnificent cathedral as the Toulouse-Lautrec Museum. The Macmillan Company put us once again in their debt by producing a companion volume to "Vincent Van Gogh," which is "Toulouse-Lautrec," edited by H. Landolt, again priced at 35s. The varied genius of the drunken, aristocratic dwarf is admirably brought to our attention with reproductions of the same high quality as in the Van Gogh book. The width of his range is fantastic. "La Goulue" and Yvette Guilbert, and the life of the cafés of Montmartre, have, of course, been immortalised for ever by him. But what perhaps of the little-known "Napoleon on Horseback," now in a private collection in Zürich, or the well-known "Jockeys," with the technical equestrian skill which Sir Alfred Munnings would not have disdained? As I say, a splendid companion to Mr. Cooper's book on Van Gogh, and a credit to the publishers who have produced it.

To turn from the artistic to the severely, indeed alarmingly, materialistic, we have a hardy, though nonetheless welcome annual in "Jane's Fighting Ships," edited by Raymond V. B. Blackman (Sampson Low; £4 4s.). Jane (whom I always like to think of as a rather forbidding Wren officer) is like those other producers of valuable works of reference, such as *Hansard* and *Whitaker*, who started something bigger than they knew, and have become national institutions. While at first sight the present work might be considered the ideal spy's manual, it has to be borne in mind that the information contained in it, while as complete as Jane's successors can make it, is limited to what is made available by the Admiralties of the various countries concerned. To an amateur of warships, dating back to cigar-box-cum-fretsaw and lead warship days, the proliferation of radar and other equipment appears to spoil the lines of cruisers and destroyers, which were at their most attractive at the outbreak of the war. Indeed, for the old-fashioned, the section dealing with the United States is wholly confusing. I doubt if even the most ardent followers of the films would readily distinguish a "Radar Picket Destroyer" from a "Modified Destroyer" now known as a Radar Picket and Ordnance Testing Experimental Ship. Nor, indeed, would any but an expert lightly pronounce on the difference between a "Guided Missile Submarine," a "Radar Picket Submarine," and a "Submarine Hunter Killer." However, this is merely to underline the wide diversity of interesting information to be found in these valuable pages.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



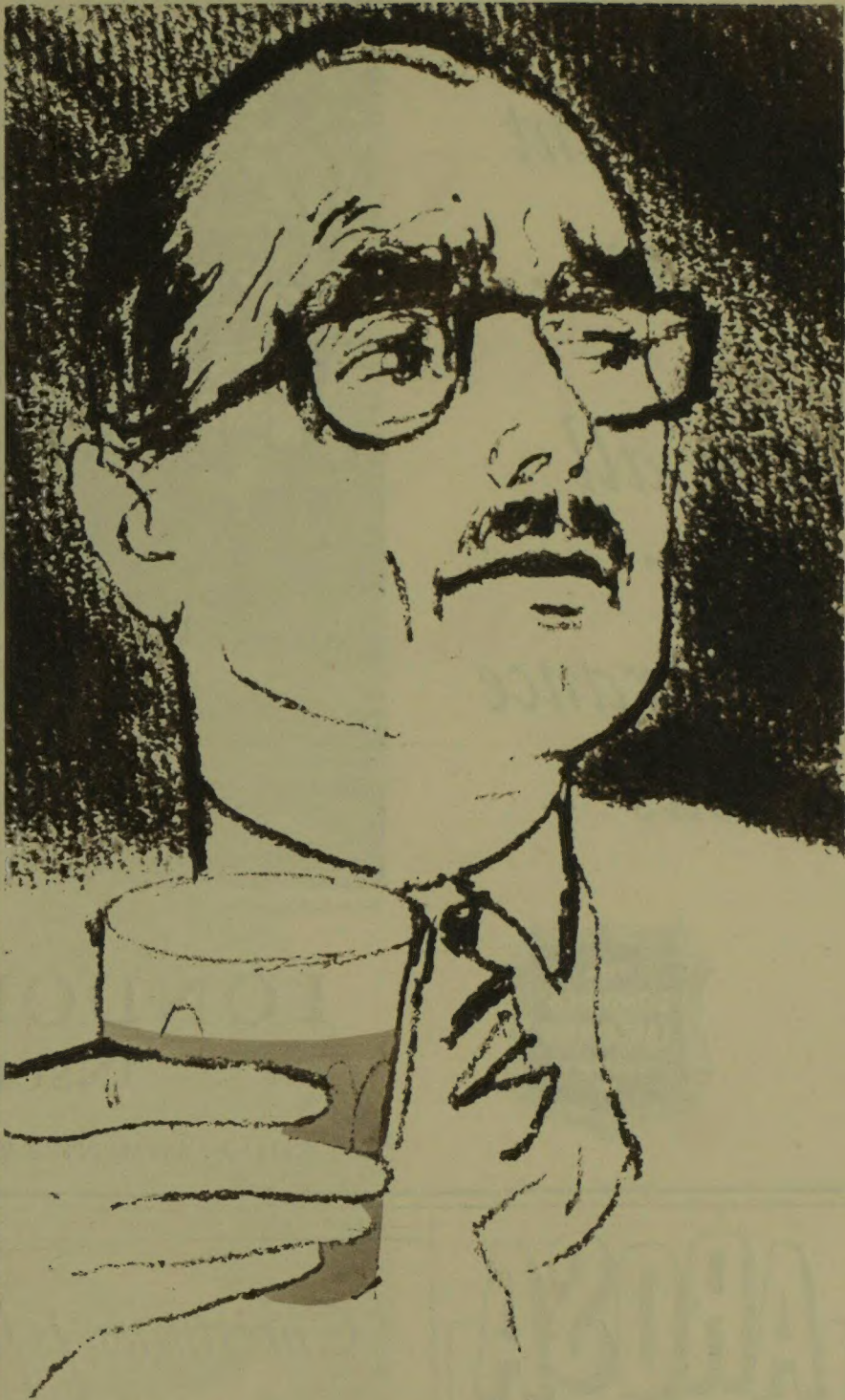
The happiest ending

Sip Grand Marnier with your after-dinner coffee and know the magic of France's finest liqueur. Made exclusively with Cognac brandy, Grand Marnier is the proud choice of those who know the rules of civilised living.

TO CLEVER HOSTESSES: Flavour Crêpes Suzette with Grand Marnier

Grand Marnier

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR—MADE EXCLUSIVELY WITH COGNAC BRANDY
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS



From Oslo to Rio de Janeiro, you'll hear it said . . .

'This is remarkably good Scotch!'

Wherever your travels may take you, you'll meet men who recognise the best . . . men who recognise Ballantine's for the remarkably good Scotch it is.

For taste, for body—for everything that goes to make a good whisky—it is unsurpassed. Ballantine's — the superb Scotch.



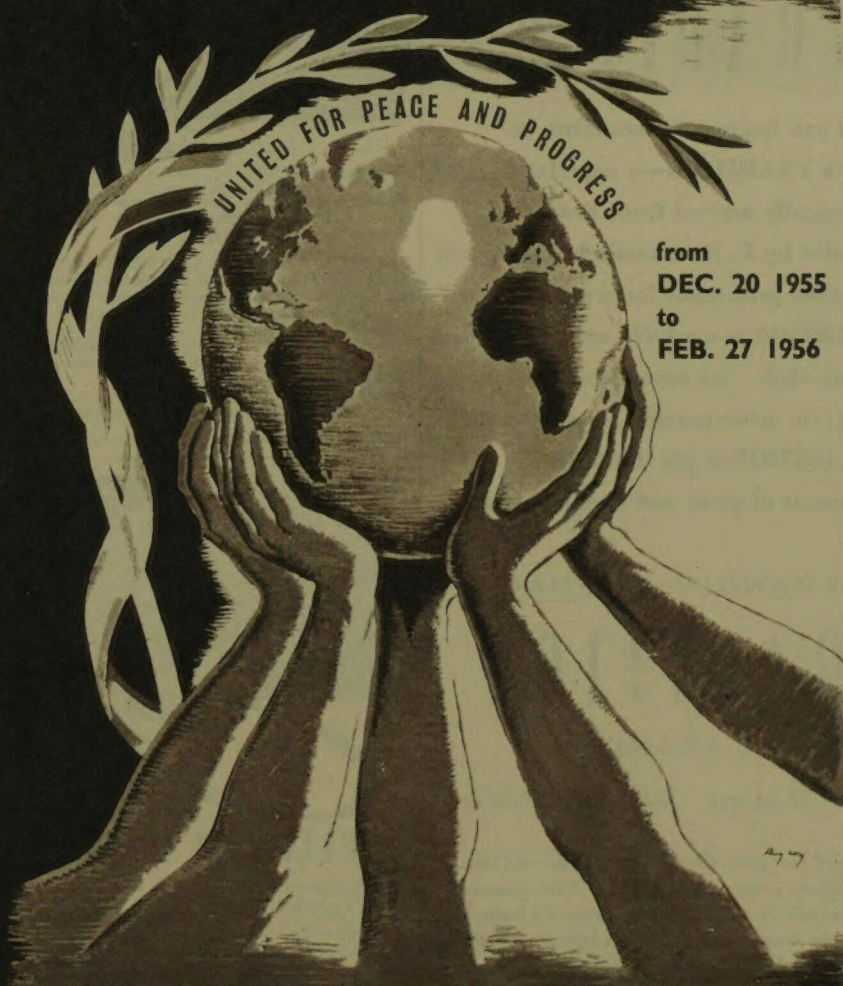
Ballantine's

THE SUPERB SCOTCH

GEORGE BALLANTINE & SON LTD., DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND. DISTILLERS AT FORRES, ELGIN, BRECHIN, DUMBARTON

"FAIR OF PEACE AND BROTHERHOOD"
CIUDAD TRUJILLO - DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

from
DEC. 20 1955
to
FEB. 27 1956



The "Fair of Peace and Brotherhood" is organised under the Patronage of the Government of the Dominican Republic in their hospitable and fascinating Capital. It conveys an impressive idea of the progress made by the Dominican People in the last 25 years; at the same time it is also a great display of the production, technics and work of thirty countries. For information please apply to the Dominican Embassies and Consulates in Europe.

*Efficient
service ...
for all
your
insurance
needs*



LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION: 7 CHANCERY LANE LONDON WC2



Sodium Lighting at Chorley

Photo by courtesy of Automatic Telephone & Electric Co. Ltd

AROSA

GRISONS SWITZERLAND 6,000 FT.

IN JANUARY & FEBRUARY

the Arosa hotels quote specially advantageous prices. For the same money visitors get better rooms, or can stay longer. Reduced terms for the Arosa ski-ing school. More careful and personal service. Certainty of snow and the proverbial Arosa sunshine. Famous Arosa amusements programme. A lot of interesting events:

Jan. 5th, 8th, 15th: Ice Hockey, Swiss Championship. 15th and 22nd: Horse Races on the Obersee. 21st: Inner-Arosa Rink—Ice Fête. Feb. 4th-5th: Curling—Arosa Championship (Squirrel Cup).

Ideal ski-grounds, 4 ski-lifts, ski-jump, slalom standard run, largest ski school (40 teachers), new stadium (800 seats), 4 ice-rinks, curling-rinks.

	beds	7 days all incl.*	min.	max.
Arosa Kulm	170	210	Fr.	329
Tschuggen Grandhotel	180	210	Fr.	329
Excelsior	100	210	Fr.	329
Hof Maran	110	199.50	Fr.	322
Alexandra Golf-Hotel	90	168	Fr.	252
Bellevue	110	182	Fr.	266
Des Alpes	60	182	Fr.	266
Eden	80	182	Fr.	266
Hohenfels	90	182	Fr.	266
Post- and Sporthotel	70	171.50	Fr.	252
Berghotel Prättschli	80	182	Fr.	266
Raetia	90	171.50	Fr.	252
Rothorn-Savoy	100	171.50	Fr.	266
Seehof	110	182	Fr.	266
Valsana	120	182	Fr.	266
Alpensonne	50	154	Fr.	217
Suvretta	40	154	Fr.	217
Belvédère-Tanneck	65	136.50	Fr.	217
Merkur	40	154	Fr.	217
Surlej	40	154	Fr.	217
Streiff-Juventas	50	154	Fr.	217
Anita	45	147	Fr.	203
Berghus	40	140	Fr.	192.50
Touring	30	136.50	Fr.	182
Gentiana	30	136.50	Fr.	178.50
Hubelsee garni**	40	73.50	Fr.	98

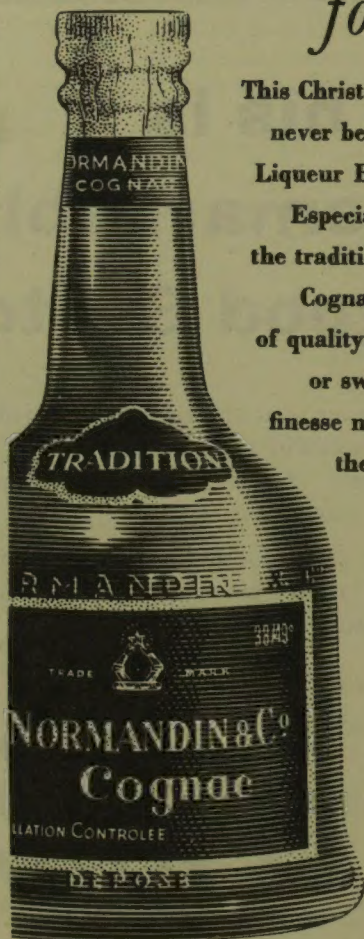
Kursaal-Casino with jeu de la boule

*Room (without bath), heating, three meals, all tips and taxes.

**Cont. breakf., tips, taxes.

Apply to hotels and all Agencies.

Christmas is the time for TRADITION



This Christmas you can honour the occasion, as never before, with TRADITION—a superlative aged Liqueur Brandy recently arrived from France.

Especially blended by E. Normandin et Cie. to suit the traditional English preference for a pale, dry,

Cognac, TRADITION is a wholly natural product of quality, time and skill. Its innocence of colouring

or sweetening, its incomparable bouquet and

finesse make TRADITION a gift that reflects

the discernment of giver and recipient alike.

NORMANDIN COGNAC

TRADITION

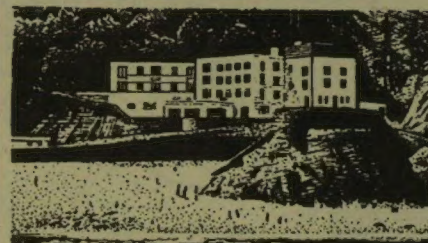
LIQUEUR BRANDY

Bottles: 57/6d each. Half Bottles: 29/3d each

... and for your Christmas 3-Star—LOREL. Make a note of the name—LOREL. This uncommonly excellent pure French Brandy costs only 37/6 a bottle. Perfect for Brandies-and-Sodas, for Christmas cocktails—and of course for the Christmas pudding.

If these two Brandies have not yet arrived in your locality, please write to
BRANDIES OF FRANCE LIMITED, 13 Maze Pond, London, S.E.1.

Waters Edge HOTEL



In beautiful Bouley Bay
JERSEY C.I.

JERSEY'S PREMIER COUNTRY AND SEA-SIDE HOTEL. Situated in a delightful setting on the beach amidst lovely scenery. Continental Cuisine with farm produce. Dancing and Cabaret with Resident Orchestra. Picture Show, Bathing from the Hotel, in fact every form of holiday delight in an atmosphere of friendly service. Colour Brochure free on request.

Jersey Tourism Law 1st Register. ***A.A. and R.A.C.

TELEPHONE - JERSEY - NORTHERN 777

SLEEP IN
SHEER
LUXURY

Celairic
ALL WOOL
CELLULAR BLANKET

"Designed to induce
healthy sleep"

Made in SIX lovely
colours and in SEVEN
convenient sizes.



MADE BY
CELAIRIC LIMITED
WHITLEY WILLOWS MILL, LEPTON
NR. HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.



*Lucky
man....*

... as he has to do the washing up, that there is a Stainless Steel sink to do it in. It makes the job so much easier. The men who use Stainless steels in many industries, know they are right for the job, and the ladies (who also know a thing or two) realise that Stainless steels can be used for many articles in their homes, which not only add to the charm, but mean less work.

No polishing is needed, just washing in warm soapy water.

"Staybrite" stainless steel is still the ideal metal for the modern kitchen as it was twenty years ago. When you next go shopping, take a long look at the wide variety of sinks, and the many other delightful things that are available.

FIRTH-VICKERS
"Staybrite"
REGD TRADE MARK
Steel

If you are unable to obtain just what you want, let us know and we will send a list of addresses that may help you.

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD • SHEFFIELD

Telephone: Sheffield 42051

Introducing...



GONZALEZ BYASS



SHIPPERS OF THE FAMOUS

TIO PEPE